

Crisis in the Liberation

our experience in Italy, now applying elsewhere with our
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to some results in his- which rested on the premise that

★

MARCH 1945

The American Mercury

JUSTICE FOR WAR CRIMINALS

CHIVALRY AND SEX

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT CARTELS

By Frederick Haussmann & Daniel Ahearn, Jr.

THE CASE AGAINST PATENT MEDICINES *Dr. Robt. H. Feldt*

Sheldon Glueck

Amram Scheinfeld

DURING the months in which I have been asked to realize my duty as a foreign correspondent in the blackest of news from the United States. The British hear a little, very little, American news, and the British press is silent. For all practical purposes the American Army is cut off from (freedom and) what is happening, what is being said and thought, what is being done and in, in the United States. The European satellite officers abroad are like men, imprisoned, and all in all it is fair to say that the American and European press is in a state of complete isolation. America and Europe is a one-way affair, reasonably efficient only in one direction.

There is a lot more that can and must be said on this subject. For the vast continent of Europe is not only the dominant and controlling fact in western Europe, not only in the sense of the word, but in the sense of France, Belgium, and in all other

TODAY and TOMORROW

By WALTER LIPPMAN

American Women and Our Work

THIS last thing our people will put up with is that sick and twisted American selfishness that will suffer before the Army cannot find enough wounds to close them. Yet I am reporting only the stark truth, which is well known to the Army and to the leaders of the medical profession. I can say that the medical establishment at home and abroad are not all receiving the nursing care they must have, and that with casualties increasing in number and in seriousness, this will

TODAY and TOMC

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Civilian America Abroad

[illegible]

TODAY and TOMORROW

BY WALTER LIPPMAN

Bricks Without Straws

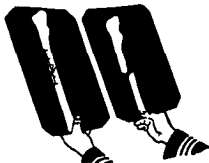
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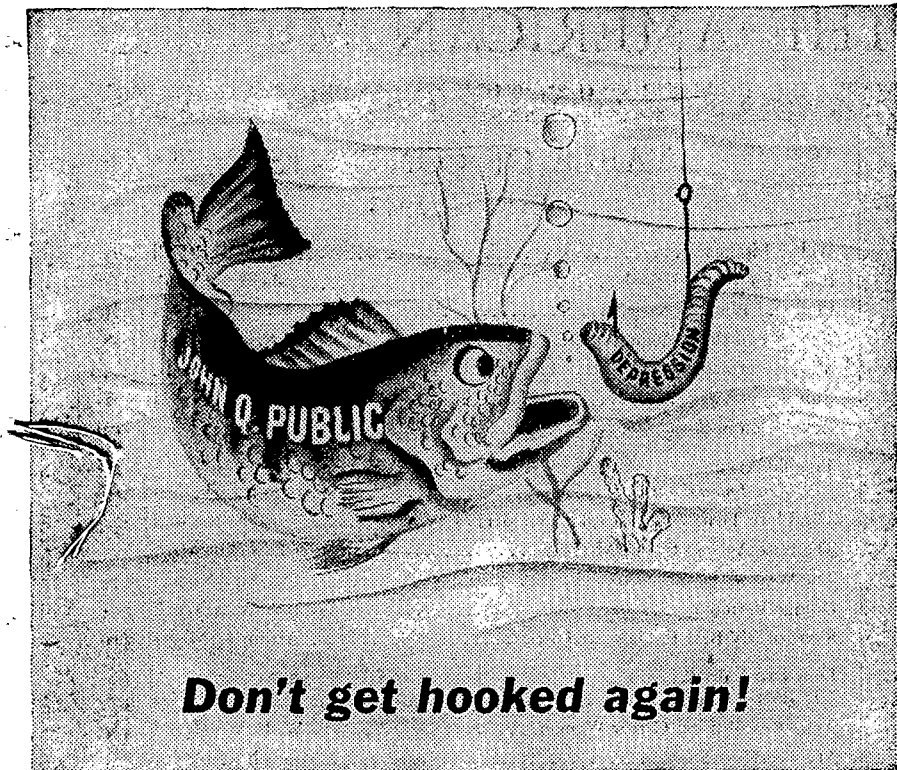
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
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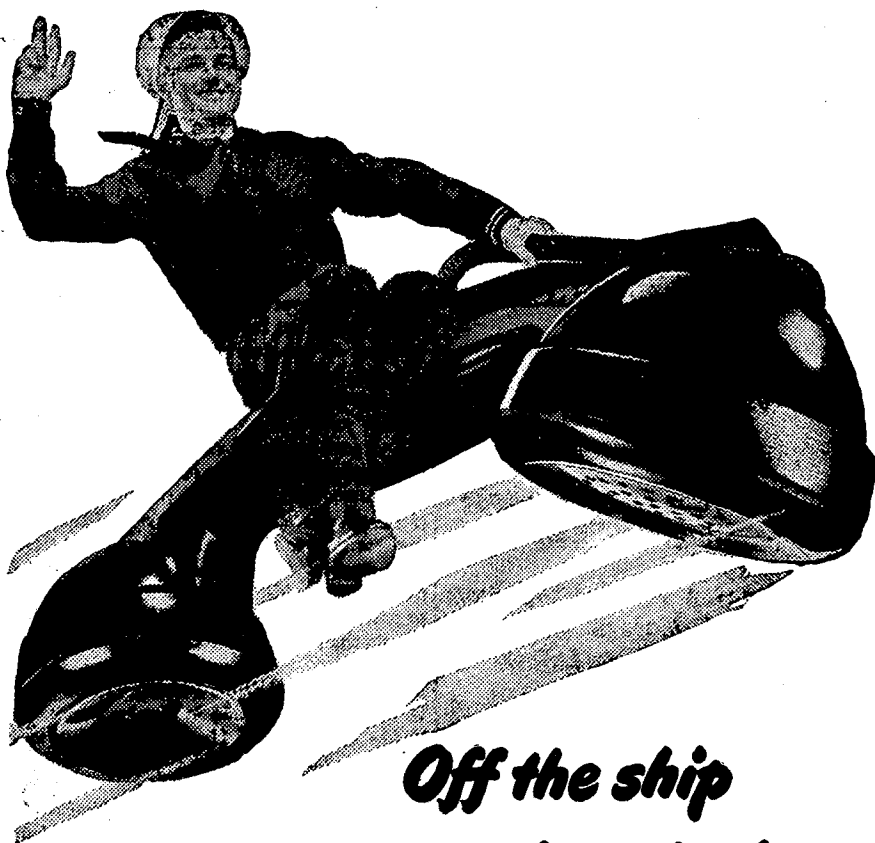
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Off the ship -and on the telephone

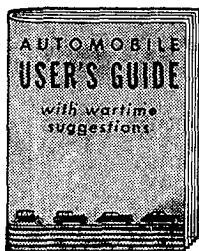
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AND NOW TO LIVE AGAIN, by Betsey Barton. \$1.75. *Appleton-Century*. At the age of sixteen Miss Barton was in an automobile accident and as a result lost the use of both her legs. For the past ten years she has struggled to adjust herself to her new state, and now has achieved so complete a readjustment that she wishes to help other people, similarly stricken, to lead a sensible life. This volume of hers is in many ways a profound psychological autobiography, full of good sense not only to the unfortunate themselves but to their relatives and friends. Miss Barton's central thesis is that by sheer effort of the will an incapacitated person can frequently perform greater miracles for himself or herself than medical science—and she offers many fascinating case histories, in addition to her own, to prove this thesis. She writes with remarkable clarity, charm and effectiveness.

BULLDOZERS COME FIRST, The Story of U. S. War Construction in Foreign Lands, by Waldo G. Bowman, Harold W. Richardson, Nathan A. Bowers, Edward J. Cleary, Archie N. Carter. \$2.75. *McGraw-Hill*. The authors are the war-correspondent-editors of the *Engineering News-Record*. They tell the story of the marvelous work done by the engineers in this war—in Europe, Africa, Asia, Alaska and the Aleutians, the Pacific and South and Central America. Their account shows what a literal and veritable *deus ex machina* the bulldozer is proving to be for the Nazis and the Japs. The many illustrations, plans and maps add to the interest and value of the volume.

WAR CRIMINALS. THEIR PROSECUTION & PUNISHMENT, by Sheldon Glueck. \$3.00. *Knopf*. The professor of criminal law and criminology at the Harvard Law School has here written the most complete and most intelligent discussion of war criminals to date. He considers every aspect of the problem, from the psycholog-

(Continued on page 380)

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by **ROBERT V. SELIGER, M.D.**, Instructor in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University Medical School; Assistant Visiting Psychiatrist, Johns Hopkins Hospital; Medical Director, Haarlem Lodge, Catonsville, Md.; Medical Director, The Farm for Alcoholic Patients, Howard County, Md.; Executive Director, The National Committee on Alcohol Hygiene, Inc.

and **VICTORIA CRANFORD**, Psychotherapist and Rorschach Analyst, Haarlem Lodge, Catonsville, Md.; The Farm for Alcoholic Patients, Howard County, Md.

edited by: **HAROLD S. GOODWIN**, Day City Editor, *The Baltimore Sun*, Baltimore, Md.

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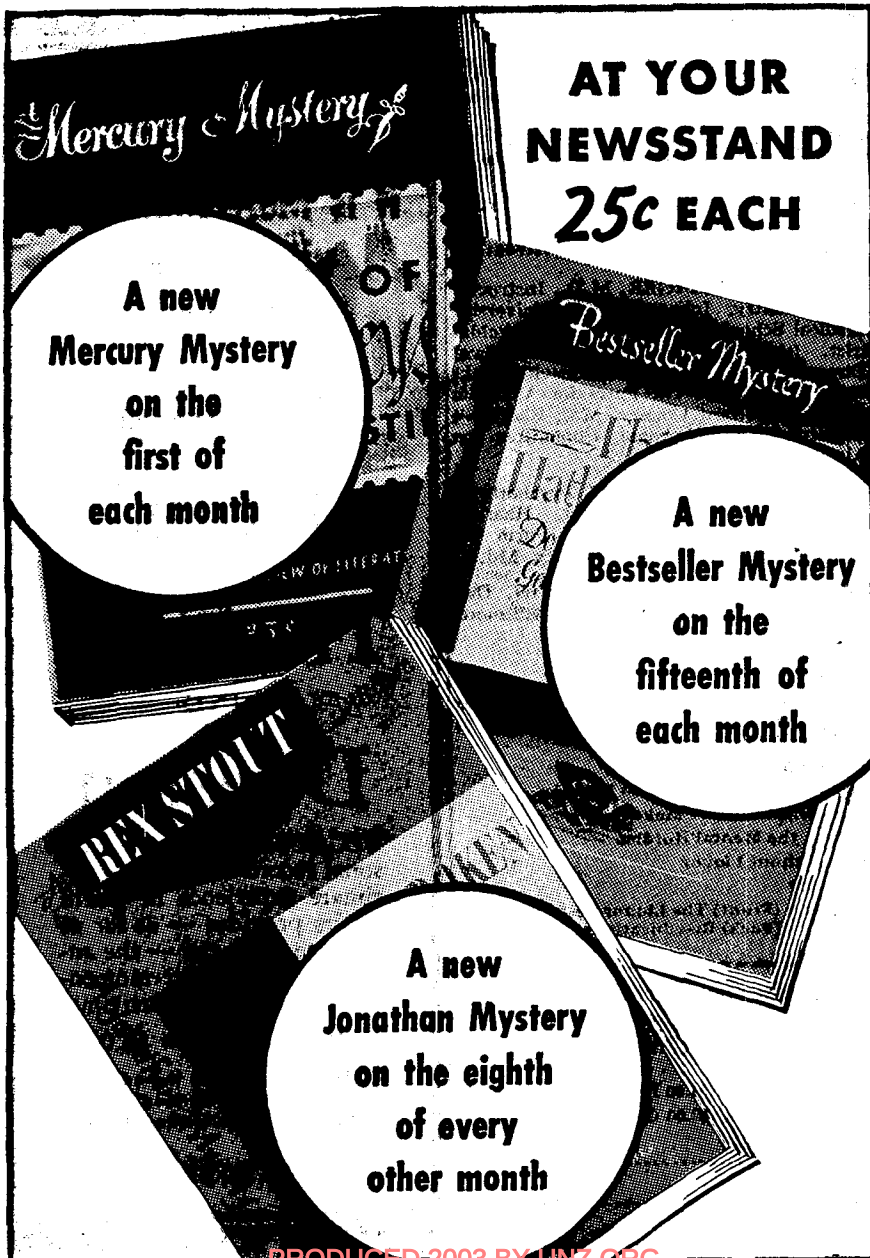
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The American MERCURY

WALTER LIPPMANN

BY FRED RODELL

IT was Don Marquis, quite a columnist himself in an unassuming way, who once said: "If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you; but if you really make them think, they'll hate you." People, by and large, do not hate Walter Lippmann.

People, in fact, are so devoted to the dean of America's political think-piece columnists that no less than 165 newspapers serve up his thrice-a-week tracts to more than 10,000,000 possible readers — and his books, of which he has written nineteen, all strictly non-fiction, have sold into the hundreds of thousands. That this vast audience presumably thinks it is being prodded into thinking by the deft and distinguished Lippmann prose is

a tribute to the phrase-maker's skill at wielding words. As are certain other misconceptions common to those over whom the old master has cast his mellifluous spell.

For popular legend has it that this journalistic giant — billed by his syndicate as "The Man with the Flashlight Mind, The Great Elucidator" — is sapient and profound in his judgments, lucid in his literary style, and liberal in his political philosophy. Yet the legend does a great disservice to the real Walter Lippmann, whose peculiar talent — as will presently appear — is something far more rare than mere wisdom, mere clarity, mere liberalism. Moreover, even a quick glance through his voluminous writings reveals, inevitably, instance after

FRED RODELL, *writer and professor of law at Yale, is a frequent contributor to national magazines and is the author of several books. Among them are Fifty-Five Men: the Story of the Constitution, Wee Unto You: Lawyers and Democracy and the Third Term.*

instance where the Lippmann legend is in head-on conflict with the facts — and with the true Walter Lippmann.

Take the picture of a profound and penetrating Flashlight Mind. In 1933, shortly after the Nazis took over Germany, Lippmann lauded a Hitler speech, in which the Fuehrer had proclaimed his peaceful intentions, as “a genuinely statesmanlike address,” “the authentic voice of a genuinely civilized people.” In 1938, just a month before the appeasement at Munich, Lippmann, fresh from a trip abroad, felt far from convinced that Hitler would make any stiff demands against Czechoslovakia; and if he should, “the Czechs would fight. The French and the British would support the Czechs.” Moreover, regardless of what “the armchair strategists, the cranks, and the writers of sensational popular books about the next war” might suppose about the likelihood of a German blitzkrieg, “a quick knockout blow is impossible because the military defensive is so immeasurably stronger than the offensive.”

By the fall of 1941, Lippmann was urging a reduction in the size of the “great mass army” — then numbering land forces of about 1,500,000 men — which the U.S. had raised “in feverish haste”; this was just two months before Pearl Harbor. But by February 1942, in what he called “a sober statement of the situation, in fact,” Lippmann was pleading for a suspension of civil liberties on “the threatened West Coast of the United States,” which was “in imminent

danger of a combined attack from without and within”; “some part of it may at any moment be a battlefield.” This clarion warning brought an immediate public rebuke from the government official in charge of the situation: “If Mr. Lippmann wants to make California a ghost state he can keep on writing stories like that, which have no foundation in fact.” A few weeks later, Lippmann again won a Washington reprimand, this time from a higher official and privately, for his crackling but misinformed campaign for the adoption of the “Sea Otter” — a type of ship proposed as the answer to the submarine menace and known to most shipping and Navy men as “that stinker.” More recently, Lippmann has concerned himself less with the war and more with the postwar world.

On the home front — even granting that nobody, not even a sage, can always be right — Lippmann’s score for sapience over the years has been no more impressive. Back in 1927–28, in the course of boosting Al Smith for the Presidency, he wrote a series of editorials for the New York *World* in which he praised Tammany Hall for “its altered viewpoint,” saw it as “beginning to be more highly regarded in the country at large,” insisted that it was moving “not only uptown but up,” and defended the Tammany rule of New York City under Mayor Jimmy Walker as “in effect commission government.” (But four years later, Franklin Roosevelt was “so

he must prove his independence of it," and Tammany was "an ignorant and predatory political machine" which indulged in "brazen exploitation of the gullibility of the people.")

Late in 1939, Lippmann predicted with an air of authority that the President would "renounce a third term." In the spring of 1943, a column entitled "Last Days of a White Elephant" began: "Now that the Office of Price Administration has broken down. . . ." And precisely a year and a day before the 1944 elections, Lippmann foresaw a return of the Republicans "to full national power" because, within the Party, "the post-New Deal Republicans will prevail" over the Tories; as illustrative of the post-New Deal Republicans he named Governor Dewey, as illustrative of the Tories, Governor Bricker.

As in his about-face on Tammany Hall, switches of opinion on important issues pop up so regularly in Lippmann's writings that Amos Pinchot once remarked "he can be quoted on either side of almost any question." His fellow-columnist, Mark Sullivan, actually did quote him — to the effect that FDR was edging toward dictatorship — one day during the 1940 campaign, when Lippmann, appearing simultaneously on the same page of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was expounding almost the precisely opposite view. A striking example of his quick-change technique took place early in 1943. In February, he spoke up for economic stabilization, highly approved of putting a ceiling on wages,

conceded that different people might have different ideas about the best stabilization formula, but added that "the right formula in war time is the formula that has been agreed upon and fixed. And once it is agreed upon and fixed, the man who challenges it is merely making a mess of everything and must be sharply and firmly resisted and called to order." Yet it was Lippmann himself, less than three months later, in a column called "Frozen Minds and Frozen Prices," who blasted the second half of the stabilization program and threw in the first half too for good measure; "the notion that inflation can be prevented . . . by passing laws and issuing decrees that all prices and all wages are frozen as of some particular date . . . is absolutely false and therefore entirely unworkable."

That Lippmann's plans for the post-war world, as laid out in his two latest books, are a complete and confessed repudiation of the Wilsonian ideas he championed for years, both before and after his own active participation at Versailles, is a matter of common knowledge. In the face of the record, even some believers in the legend are wondering just when the wisdom of Today will again turn out to be the unwisdom of Tomorrow.

II

Most firmly established facet of the Lippmann legend is the image of the Great Elucidator, the man who can make any idea, whether right or

wrong, crystal clear to his readers. It takes a lot of persistent ploughing through Lippmanniana (and a few long quotes here would scarcely suffice) to make plain how often the smoothness of the Lippmann style masks a muddiness of meaning, or even no meaning at all. There is, though, the illustrative incident of 1942 when Lippmann entitled a column about the WPB "Mr. Nelson's Future." Written in the customary cadences — and also in long-hand so that the title was slightly illegible — the column was printed under the heading, "Mr. Nelson's Failure," with secretaries, editors, and presumed millions of readers totally unaware of any incongruity as between title and text.

There is also the occasional instance when the Lippmann suavity slips out of hand and lays bare, even to the most slap-dash reader, a basic fuzziness of thought. As in a column on "Our Aging Government" that listed at length the ages of FDR's cabinet and, by contrast, the ages of the Founding Fathers, of Washington's cabinet, of Wilson's, and of T. Roosevelt's — after which devastating array of facts, Lippmann stated "I do not wish to draw any rule of thumb conclusions from these figures . . ." and went on to praise Secretaries Hull and Stimson as "invaluable and even indispensable."

And there are the homey metaphors which Lippmann delights to inject into a cloudy discussion and which, however loaded or irrelevant, make it all seem too two-plus-two simple to

the unwary reader. "The great mansion cannot be built by beginning with the decoration of the living rooms," says Lippmann, by way of dismissing postwar plans that do not coincide with his — and the reader thinks "How true!" Or: "Stabilization is in some respects like the rule of the road which compels everyone to keep to the right." By contrast — some weeks later — price-freezing is "like removing the steering gear from an automobile. If the car is to be left standing in the garage, the absence of the steering gear will not be felt. It would be possible also, no doubt, for enough men to move the car around a little by pushing on one side of the car and then on the other. Or it might be possible to fasten the front wheels so that the car would move in a straight line. But without a steering gear, the car could not be driven rapidly on a winding road." Here is Lippmann at his most indubitably lucid.

As for the third facet of the Lippmann legend, for over a decade it has been fading at the edges; even the *Herald Tribune* no longer feels free to boast of him as "the brilliant spokesman of liberalism." But many still credit the legend, and not the least of these is Lippmann himself, who branded his critics "political illiterates" when they called him a conservative for backing Landon in 1936. Moreover, even those who see him as no longer a liberal are quick to concede that he *used* to be a liberal before he allegedly turned his coat while

moving from the *World* to the *Herald Tribune*.

That was in 1931. And it does indeed require a strange definition of the loose word, "liberal," to include within its folds some of the stands Lippmann has taken since that time. At the depth of the depression, he opposed Federal relief for the unemployed; subsequently he urged that citizens on WPA be disfranchised. Although he lukewarmly backed Roosevelt in the 1932 election after opposing his nomination, he was soon hoping that the courts would "liquidate a major part" of the New Deal. Presumably to be included in his would-be purge were the two New Deal measures most generally rated as outstanding achievements — the SEC which on several occasions he strongly condemned, and the TVA which he once described as "a club brandished senselessly over private utilities everywhere." He mistrusted social security laws; he consistently favored what the tax experts call "regressive taxes" to hit the lower incomes and spare the rich; he fell for the old chestnut about an enforced forty-hour-week for newspaper employees being a threat to freedom of the press.

On the foreign front, he gave "moral" sanction to Neville Chamberlain's appeasing efforts to preserve imperial Britain's "most important interests"; more recently, he has patted the U.S. State Department on the back for its "intelligent and patient" handling of the Good Neighbor

Policy — a judgment scarcely shared by Latin-American experts outside of official circles, and a judgment even now in course of contradiction by events below the border. His support of the Administration has grown warm in precise ratio as the Administration's progressivism has grown cold; he opposed FDR in 1936, took no stand in 1940, and came out for FDR in 1944.

Yet it is an unfair slur on Lippmann to say that he suddenly forsook a one-time liberalism when he went to work for Wall Street's favorite newspaper. The fact is, despite some very superficial evidence to the contrary, Lippmann has always been essentially a conservative at heart. Proof of this is profuse in his early books. Way back in 1914, in *Drift and Mastery*, he was complaining that "Big Business and its ruthless tentacles have become the material for the feverish fantasy of illiterate thousands," whereas actually big business was "being administered by men who are not profiteers." Condemnation of the power of "men like Morgan and Rockefeller" amounted to spreading "a barbarous myth"; for "there is no very essential difference between holding the securities of the steel trust and those of the United States government," except that the steel trust is more efficient because, happily, "its management is autocratic."

Fifteen years later, in *A Preface to Morals*, which appeared just before the 1929 crash, Lippmann was still lauding big business: "It is difficult even today to say whether the great

railways, the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the bigger insurance companies and banks, are public or private institutions." Meanwhile, in *Public Opinion* in 1922, he had dismissed the device of the Congressional investigation — which was even then beginning to turn up some rather large flaws in the conduct of his favorite big businesses — as "that legalized atrocity . . . where Congressmen . . . go on a wild and feverish man-hunt and do not stop at cannibalism."

And in 1925, in *The Phantom Public*, he paid his respects to democracy: "The public must be put in its place . . . so that each of us may live free of the trampling and the roar of a bewildered herd." To this end — with a strangely totalitarian ring — "public opinions must be organized for the press, if they are to be sound, not by the press as is the case today."

Regardless of what deluded left-wingers may have thought about the early Lippmann, he was not fooling the solid folk. He had barely joined the *Herald Tribune* when that paper was able to advertise the demand for him as coming "from bankers, business men, merchants, professional men." And it was early in 1931, the very year when he was supposed to be changing his colors, that Morgan-partner Thomas Lamont announced to the Academy of Political Science: "Big business has always respected Mr. Lippmann's utterances. They have always been constructive." Closely examined, the legend of Lippmann

the liberal, or even the once-liberal, is on a par with the legends of Lippmann the sagacious and Lippmann the lucid.

III

What, then, is Walter Lippmann's unique talent? What is the secret of his huge success? Briefly stated, it is his almost uncanny knack of using words in such an impressive way as to *appear* to be sapient and lucid and even liberal. He has mastered to an extraordinary degree a species of distinguished and high-grade double-talk. Nor has this been, in any sense, a mean or easy achievement.

It has required a complete forswearing, as to himself, of all humor and all true humility. It has required an air of Olympian omniscience coupled with a sort of patient pedanticism that condescends now and then to words of one syllable in order to clear things up for the class. It has required the trappings of learning casually interjected — a philosopher referred to, an economist quoted. Above all, it has required the temerity to state the disputed as though it were obvious and to intone the obvious as though it were profound.

Yet, behind this multiple mask which he presents to his public, lurking back of the legend that he has so steadily sustained that today he must surely believe it himself, is the real Walter Lippmann — no wiser than many men, no more lucid than many writers, no more, and no less, liberal

than the comparatively few citizens whose incomes compare with his own. The real Walter Lippmann is worth looking at — and looking at him involves trying to see how he got that way.

He was born “well-to-do,” which means wealthy, in New York City in 1889, an only child. He had all the “advantages” — private schooling, frequent trips to Europe, tuition paid to Harvard. At Harvard he was outstanding even in the great class of 1910 which included poet Alan Seeger, radical John Reed, humanitarian Heywood Broun, producer Kenneth MacGowan, stage designer Robert Edmond Jones, football captain Hamilton Fish. He was so outstanding that he finished the regular course in three years; that his work caught the eye and the praise of philosopher William James; that he spent a fourth year as graduate assistant to philosopher George Santayana; that during that fourth year he became the prime pet of visiting English political economist Graham Wallas; that when Lincoln Steffens, whose political muckraking had by then become accepted and quite respectable, asked around the Yard for the best man to assist him on *Everybody's Magazine*, Lippmann was the automatic choice.

Somewhere about this same time Lippmann must have made his own choice, whether subconsciously or deliberately. It was the sort of choice that every college bright boy has to make. For college bright boys do not step from the campus into routine

workaday jobs. They go into scholarship or science or writing or research or law or government — into work where they must really use their minds right from the start. And in doing so, two alternatives are always open to them. One is to devote that first-rate mind relentlessly to the discovery and expression of naked truth, no matter whose toes may be trampled or whose sacred cow gored. The other is to shade intellectual integrity and courage in order to get on well in the world — to confine that mind and the work of that mind within the bounds of acceptability to the right people, the best people, the powers that be.

The right people do not care that a lad was a radical in college; almost all bright boys are; Lippmann helped found the Socialist Club at Harvard. The right people care only that radical or searchingly critical ideas stop at, or shortly after, graduation. It is not boot-licking they want, nor even agreement on every minor matter; it is rather a general over-all respect for and submission to their established scheme of things. Walter Lippmann has never really offended the right people. Quite the contrary. And in that fact lies the key to an understanding of one college bright boy's career.

There is a revealing passage in one of Lippmann's very early books where he tells of the worries of a middle-class citizen as to “who are ‘the best people’ and who are ‘the impossible’” and of the “sleepless nights over

whether . . . you will be invited to be seen with Mrs. So-and-So." The reference is to matters of social prestige but, with a wider connotation, the worries and the sleepless nights might have been Lippmann's own. At least he has always sedulously avoided association with the wrong people — with perhaps one brief exception. That was in 1912 when, bored with his work on *Everybody's*, "he snatched" (to quote an authorized biographical sketch) "at the opportunity of a queer job which came his way." The job was to be secretary to a Socialist mayor of Schenectady named George Lunn. Despite his having held several rather esoteric official posts during World War I, this remains his only real taste of practical politics. He stood it for three months and does not mention it in *Who's Who*.

Resigning, he retired to the Maine woods with a man who was translating Freud into English and wrote his first book, *A Preface to Politics* — with a Freudian twist. The book was noticed by Freud, praised by Theodore Roosevelt, and adopted for use in the 1912 Bull Moose campaign. It also brought Lippmann an invitation to help found a new liberal weekly, the *New Republic*, as a sort of mouthpiece for the then thoroughly respectable Progressive movement. But with the Progressives defeated and Wilson in the White House, Lippmann and his co-editors soon turned from a lost cause to become the semi-official spokesmen of Wilson's "New Freedom." It was during this period that

Mabel Dodge Luhan pinned down Lippmann's lack of intellectual militancy in a phrase: "Walter is never, never going to lose an eye in a fight."

When war came, the association which Lippmann had been cultivating with Colonel House sent him to Washington as an assistant to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker (whom Lippmann was to back for the Democratic nomination in 1932). Soon he was made a member of Wilson's inner-circle brain-trust for postwar plans — cryptically called the Inquiry — and as such, with an Army commission, he went abroad in 1918 and stayed to play an important advisory part in the peace conference at Versailles. There he met Frank Cobb, hard-hitting editor of the *New York World*. Lippmann was never one to muffle a meeting. Little more than a year after his return to the United States, Lippmann was writing editorials for the *World*. In 1923, Cobb died and Lippmann took over the editorial page. In 1929, he became officially the Editor. In 1931, the *World* died.

Lippmann's reputation as a liberal stems largely from his ten years on the *World*. And there is no denying that during that decade, as for many years before, the *World* was the most excitingly liberal daily paper in the nation. Yet, seen in retrospect, many of its crashing crusades seem somewhat inconsequential in their impact. There were the blasts at the Harding scandals — after they had been turned up by one of those Congressional investigations at which Author Lipp-

mann had sneered. There was the ringing support of the Washington Disarmament Conference (of which Lippmann is now "ashamed"). There was the brilliant battle against the Ku Klux Klan — which would have taken more courage in the South or the West than in Al Smith's New York. There was fun-poking at the Scopes evolution trial and at Coolidge complacency. There was almost a year of editorials against American intervention in Nicaragua.

There were, too, the eloquent pleas for Sacco and Vanzetti, who were being railroaded to death up in Massachusetts. And Lippmann's handling of the Sacco-Vanzetti affair was beautifully symbolic, for as soon as the fight was lost, he was quick to make obeisance to the right people. He heaped editorial encomiums on President Lowell and Dr. Stratton, two members of the three-man board which had finally condemned the anarchists to die; and he even praised the courage and the honesty of bumbling, benighted and frightened Governor Fuller. (Heywood Broun stuck to his guns to the end and was fired from the *World*.)

So Lippmann was not long out of a job after the *World* stopped its presses. The *Herald Tribune* welcomed him, syndicated him, and suited him. He put together Arthur Brisbane's "Today" and Calvin Coolidge's "Tomorrow" to give his new column a title. He wrote it in the fresh of early morning in Manhattan's nearest approximation to an ivory tower — a

sky-scraping study whose windows were set so high in the walls that Lippmann could see from them nothing but the sky. As friendly *Time* Magazine put it, he was "more apt to be on intimate terms with Morgan partners than with union leaders," and his occasional recreation included refereeing polo games on Long Island. But the remark of Corliss, the renegade Lamont, that Lippmann was the midget who sat on J. P. Morgan's knee was whole-cloth canard. Lippmann was simply living, breathing, writing, of the right people, by the right people, and for the right people.

IV

For the past couple of years, Lippmann's energies have been increasingly devoted to publicizing his own set of prescriptions and patent remedies for the postwar world. Now living in Washington, presumably to be in the center of the important hurly-burly, he still manages to restrict his associations to the official, social and financial upper-crust, still writes in philosophic isolation and quiet in a home which borders a convent and an institute for the deaf. Out of this rarefied personal and physical environment have come, along with columns, articles and speeches, two small books — *U.S. Foreign Policy*, which was a Book-of-the-Month in 1943, and *U.S. War Aims*, a sort of sequel.

Both in manner and in content, these books are almost an apotheosis

of Lippmann's lifetime work. *U.S. Foreign Policy* is a learnedly phrased 177-page elaboration of what Arthur Krock has called an "old and obvious truth." In Lippmann's own words: "Without the controlling principle that the nation must maintain its objectives and its power in equilibrium, its purposes within its means, its commitments related to its resources, and its resources adequate to its commitments, it is impossible to think at all about foreign affairs." In short, the United States shouldn't bite off more than it can chew.

In support of this thesis Lippmann delves digressively — and selectively — into history. On disputed matters he is characteristically dogmatic. That the Founding Fathers recognized and approved a tacit British-American alliance and that the Monroe Doctrine depended on the British Navy are points on which historians Warren, Bemis, and a score of others utterly disagree with Lippmann's flat statements. Historians of a different school are not so certain as is the Lippmann of today (here flaunting sackcloth and ashes) that Wilsonian idealism was pure idiocy. Lippmann sometimes brushes off views that conflict with his; more often he ignores them — a far more effective technique for the persuasion of the uninformed.

Eventually he proposes, in order to solve the world's ills, a series of formal "nuclear alliances" between the great powers — an ill-concealed reversion to straight power politics. Just why a formal alliance (such as France had

with Czechoslovakia) should work any better in time of stress than the sort of informal or "tacit" alliance which Lippmann believes has long bound together the United States and Britain, he does not make quite lucid. But the new "realist" at least recognizes that if only the Big Four will get along *together* after the war, they will get *along together*.

Then, in *U.S. War Aims*, Lippmann becomes a bit more explicit. He would divide Wendell Willkie's One World into three parts. An "Atlantic Community," dominated by Britain and the United States, would include the western half of Europe and then extend westward three-fourths of the way around the globe and across the Pacific to let Australia in. There would also be a Russian orbit and a Chinese orbit. So long as Russia stayed within its orbit, which would not include neglected central Europe, there would be no wars.

Even for Lippmann — notorious as an Anglophile (said Margaret Marshall, "he was born fifty years too late in the wrong country") and a Russophile (back in 1919, he strongly urged the use of U.S. troops against "the menace of Bolshevism," and a taunting undercurrent of utter contempt for Russia has run through his writing ever since) — this is stretching Anglo-American holier-than-thouness a little far. Comparable would be a Russian proposal to dominate, for the sake of safety, the North Atlantic and the North Pacific to the two borders of the United States. And

Russia might add that there would then be no wars so long as the United States and Britain stuck to their own back yards.

Yet, Lippmann himself to the contrary, there is basically no inconsistency between his policies for after World War I and after World War II. Last time he favored the League because he knew that both the League and the world would be run — if the United States joined the League — by Britain, the United States and France. Now he is against a new League or any reasonable facsimile thereof because rampant Russia and rising Asia would have a powerful say.

And so Lippmann's international ideas boil down to a replica of his personal philosophy. As the *New Yorker* astutely summed them up:

"Mr. Lippmann . . . suggests that our foreign policy be to cultivate the right people — which is as flimsy a program for a nation as for an individual."

It has not been a flimsy program for Walter Lippmann. By coupling it with his facility for pontifical prose, he has acquired wealth, conspicuous prestige and a personal legend. Yet, if his actual influence on events has never been comparable to his prestige, and if even his prestige has seemed precariously a thing of Today and maybe Tomorrow, it is perhaps because he himself has not been entirely guiltless of that precise error of perspective with which, in his latest book, he taxes his quondam teammates, the Wilsonians: "It is the error of forgetting that we are men and of thinking that we are gods."



History —

For two thousand years and more historians have been pretending to tell us about man's past.

What we call history is an enlargement of our current recollections.

— J. H. ROBINSON

JUSTICE FOR WAR CRIMINALS

BY SHELDON GLUECK

THE recent cold-blooded murder of unarmed American soldiers by the Germans in Belgium is but a small sample of the cruelties, crimes and wholesale violation of the laws and customs of warfare chargeable to Axis leaders and soldiers. The world was shocked by the German massacre of the innocent civilians of Lidice; but the number of Lidices pillaged and burned by the Germans is so large that all count of them has been lost. The world was stunned by the disclosure of the Nazi murder factory at Maidanek near Lublin, Poland. But the whole diabolical plan of gas chambers, mass crematoriums, the careful saving and classification of the clothes and possessions of the innocent victims — down to babies' dolls — and the use of the victims' ashes as fertilizer on the German soldiers' vegetable plots — all this has been repeated not only at Tremblinka, but in many other stamping grounds of the Master Race.

What shall be the response of the victorious United Nations?

The war criminals problem is among

the most complex yet important puzzles facing the United Nations. At the end of the last war, the Germans were permitted, after two and a half years of procrastination, to try their war criminals in their own special court at Leipzig. They found only six guilty out of the 896 accused on the Allied list. The sentences imposed for numerous and cruel violations of the laws of warfare were absurdly small; and the two chief malefactors were permitted to escape shortly after their imprisonment. The ex-Kaiser chopped wood at Doorn in peace and plenty.

The lessons to be drawn from this débâcle are clear:

(1) The United Nations must not again trust Germany to do justice. To the Germans, the military and political chieftains responsible for the horrible cruelties inflicted are heroes, exactly as were the German war criminals of World War I.

(2) Surrender of the leading malefactors should be a firm condition to the granting of any armistice, instead of being postponed again until the signing of the peace treaty.

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(3) The accused must be tried as soon as possible; otherwise they and witnesses will disappear, die off, or suffer loss of memory.

(4) The good faith of the government that succeeds the Hitlerian régime should be tested, among other things, by its co-operation in assembling proof of violations of the laws and customs of legitimate warfare and of the criminal law common to the majority of civilized states; but most of the preparation of the trials should be by the United Nations.

(5) Fair and lawful, but *expeditious*, judicial procedure should be provided. The United Nations should stand for no German blustering or chicanery. Attempts to interfere with the orderly and swift administration of justice should be severely punished.

(6) German public opinion should be systematically prepared to recognize the justice of punishing leaders guilty of atrocities. Alleged heroes should be deflated by convincing proof of their barbarous actions against helpless old men, women and children. The fair and orderly United Nations' proceedings against individual Germans accused of specific crimes should be contrasted with the indiscriminate mass-butcheries carried out upon orders of German leaders against many thousands of innocent hostages. They should also be contrasted with the proceedings brought against anti-Nazi Germans in the infamous "People's Courts." It should be stressed that the United Nations' prosecutions are directed more against

high-placed leaders and planners of mass atrocities than against the ordinary "Hans Schmidts"; and that punishments will take account of the differences, in respect to freedom of action and to moral and legal responsibility, between the powerful and self-seeking leaders and the ordinary, especially the non-Nazi, Germans.

(7) The United Nations must remain united throughout the liquidation of the war criminals' problem and not be fooled, manipulated or intimidated by the blandishments of the Germans or of their propagandists and apologists at home and abroad.

These provisions apply with equal validity to the trial and punishment of Japanese war criminals and those of the Axis scavenger satellites.

II

How can all this be made effective?

Among the fundamental questions to be answered by the United Nations as soon as possible are the following:

(1) *What types of acts can legitimately be denominated "War Crimes"?* Careful study of the problems created by the Axis policy of ruthless "total warfare," shows it to be legitimate and sensible to define war criminals as *persons — regardless of military or political rank — who, in connection with the immediate military, political, economic or industrial preparation for or waging of war, have, in their official capacity, committed acts contrary to (a) the laws and customs of legitimate warfare or (b) the principles of criminal law*

generally observed in civilized states; or who have incited, ordered, procured, counseled or conspired in the commission of such acts; or, having knowledge that such acts were about to be committed and possessing the legal duty and power to prevent them, have failed to do so.

(2) *What can an injured belligerent state legitimately do about violations of the laws and usages of permissive warfare or of its criminal law?* Remedies provided by international law against a state — publication of the facts, protest and demand for punishment sent the offending belligerent through neutrals, reprisals, postwar compensation — all these have proved unsatisfactory.

In addition to action which may be taken against the implicated state, is the injured nation justified in prosecuting and punishing *individual subjects* of that state? And if so, is this to be done under its own municipal law, under the law of the accused, or under the law of nations?

Although it is generally believed that international law obligates only states and not their individual nationals, examination of this theory in the light of modern realities shows it to be faulty. A state, or the United Nations acting jointly, may legitimately prosecute war criminals; and prior "implementation" of international law by domestic statutes is not indispensable. The vast majority of offenders should and can be properly proceeded against in the military or civil courts of the states whose laws

have been violated and subjects injured by Axis atrocities. However, a large number of defendants — heads of state and other military and political leaders, planners and executors of widespread atrocities in two or more countries, those who committed crimes against entire classes of persons whom they first rendered "stateless" and then slaughtered *en masse* in pursuance of a calculated policy of destroying "inferior races" — such supermalefactors ought to be tried and punished properly under the solemn auspices of the entire civilized world. This can be done most appropriately in an International Criminal Court to be established as soon as possible by the United Nations and such neutrals as wish to participate.

Despite claims to the contrary, it can reasonably be demonstrated that the law for the use by such a world criminal tribunal already exists; and its enforcement by the proposed court would violate no fundamental tenets of civilized justice. The law for an international tribunal can be drawn from the rich reservoirs of (a) common ("unwritten"), (b) conventional ("written") law of nations and (c) the principles, doctrines and standards of criminal law that constitute the common denominator of practically all civilized penal codes. It may be desirable, later, for the nations of the world to enter into a convention, setting out specific definitions of "*international crimes*" to be cognizable in the future by the world criminal tribunal; but the pre-

existence of such an international penal code is not a *sine qua non* to the just and efficient functioning of an International Criminal Court in the case of the criminals of the present war. Punishments to be imposed by the international tribunal could legitimately be based either upon those permitted by the law of nations in the case of piracy and the violations of the laws and customs of warfare, or upon punishments provided for crimes of similar nature and gravity by the laws of the accusing state.

An International Criminal Court might well be a more vivid symbol of the reign of justice on an international plane than even the Permanent Court at The Hague has been. The common man is hardly interested in nor can he even understand the latter's technical decisions. He *could* understand that justice had been done if, with the "*People of the World Community*" as the plaintiff, Hitler, Tojo, Mussolini, Himmler, Goering, Goebbels and the rest of the master-criminals were subjected to trial in a world tribunal, were given a fair procedure and opportunity to defend themselves, and, upon legal proof of guilt, were punished in vindication of law and justice.

(3) *Can heads of state (e.g., Hitler) legitimately be subjected to trial and punishment by the United Nations; or are such high-placed scoundrels exempt from legal liability and trial in a foreign jurisdiction?* It was the insistence of the American and Japanese representatives on the Commission of Re-

sponsibilities at Versailles that the ex-Kaiser could not be so tried that helped to prevent his punishment. However, the legal authority in support of the proposition that a chief of state is necessarily and always exempt from foreign trial is open to serious question. By invading neighboring countries in flagrant violation of treaty obligations and for the purpose of aggression and the mass extermination of human beings, a sovereign strips himself of any mantle of immunity he may have claimed by virtue of international comity. He outlaws himself. The imprisonment of Napoleon at St. Helena was partly founded on the legal argument that a gross breach of faith by an absolute sovereign renders *him* (not merely his state) personally responsible for an offense against the law of nations. But even if there be no valid technical legal basis, the disposal of chiefs of state is, in the final analysis, a *political* question. By simple agreement between his captors, a sovereign or ex-sovereign can be executed, imprisoned or banished without any trial at all. That was the procedure followed in the case of Napoleon.

(4) *What, if any, is the responsibility of subordinates? And how should an Axis soldier's defense that he committed war crimes only in obedience to his government or military superior be treated?* The existing principle in English and American rules of warfare would seriously hamper the administration of justice in the case of war

criminals, since it provides (e.g., *American Rules of Land Warfare*, Sec. 347) that

Individuals of the armed forces will not be punished for these offenses in case they are committed *under the orders or sanction of their government or commanders*. The commanders ordering the commission of such acts, or under whose authority they are committed by their troops, may be punished by the belligerent into whose hands they may fall.

Apart from the ambiguity as to where the line of "commander" should be drawn, this very liberal rule would exempt a great many Axis soldiers from liability. It is not completely in harmony with the principles embodied in English and American judicial decisions. As a reasonable and fair policy for the modification of Anglo-American rules and as a just principle to be applied by an International Criminal Court, it is suggested that the commission of war crimes (as defined above) in obedience to an order of a state, government or military superior should be no defense *if the accused actually knew, or, under the circumstances in question, had reasonable grounds for knowledge, that the act commanded was illegal*.

Where the offender's domestic law and the law of nations or commonly accepted tenets of civilized criminal law are in conflict, the accused's law should give way. Otherwise, the most lawless nations could easily whitewash their militarists and politicians for the most flagrant violations of the rules of warfare and of criminal law, simply by enacting that such deeds

are legitimate under their own municipal law. Much of the Nazi decree-law clearly illustrates this danger. While a sovereign state is free to adopt any legislation it sees fit — however much it may, in so doing, turn back the clock of civilization — the Family of Nations is not obligated, either in law or in morals, to be bound by such aberrations. Otherwise, any backward nation would always have the power to stultify the progress of justice.

The fact of the superior's order, the circumstances under which the accused committed the act, the amount of discretion lodged in the subordinate, his education and training and like matters should be weighed in the balance in assessing the punishment in the individual case.

(5) *How should the accused be apprehended?* This question may turn out to be the most troublesome one facing the United Nations. At the close of the first World War, the Allies failed to occupy all of Germany and to seize those persons wanted for trial as war criminals. The cessation of hostilities in the present war should find the United Nations the complete masters of Axis territory and in a position to incarcerate for trial as many persons charged with war crimes as still remain and can be ferreted out. A main provision of the list of terms of "unconditional surrender" ought to be the surrender of the chief war criminals for prosecution. No excuses for not doing so should be tolerated, except convincing proof of death.

Those with whom the United Nations' military and political leaders deal in negotiating for surrender must be held strictly and personally accountable for seeing that none of the principal war criminals escapes to neutral countries, and that all are immediately arrested and kept in custody until taken over by representatives of the United Nations.

But the most perplexing problem will be the capture of war offenders who have sought "asylum" in other countries. Between member states of the United Nations an agreement for free exchange of wanted war criminals — regardless of existing extradition treaties — can be negotiated at once. As for accused who may escape to neutral lands, the first step in the right direction has already been taken: solemn warning of neutrals, in accordance with the Moscow Statement's policy of pursuing "to the uttermost ends of the earth" those who have "imbrued their hands with innocent blood" and delivering them up to their accusers for justice. However, the replies received are none too revealing, and, in the case of two or three neutrals, not very promising.

The United Nations ought, therefore, to press frank discussions with neutral states with a view to just and sensible agreements in the matter. They must be prepared to bring the full pressure of world public opinion to bear. They must use economic and political arguments against defiant refusal to deliver up notorious war criminals upon some obviously spe-

cious or unreasonable ground, such as the claim that the mass-butchery of millions of civilians, war prisoners, and "stateless" peoples are mere "political offenses." Instead of the crime for which Holland refused delivery of the former Kaiser at the close of the last war — a "supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties" — master-criminals should be plainly and bluntly charged with being principals, accessories or conspirators in such ordinary crimes as murder, arson, kidnaping, rape, robbery, larceny, receiving stolen goods and others usually listed in extradition treaties.

(6) How shall the guilty be punished?

Because of the nature and multiplicity of the atrocities committed by the Axis war criminals, and the deeply indoctrinated bigotry of their troops, a philosophy of correction, reform and rehabilitation must yield first place to one of punitive retribution. The profoundly injured sensibilities of the survivors of Axis atrocity are more to be taken into account than are the feelings or reformatory possibilities of the war criminals; for unless the survivors of Nazi-Fascist tyranny witness the punishment of at least the chief contrivers of deliberate torture and mass-murder, the very foundations of their mental and moral well-being will be undermined. There has been altogether too much cynicism about law and justice. It is high time that the awesome power of disciplined punishment for violations of law be

made evident throughout the world.

But a program that stresses retribution for wrongdoing does not necessarily rule out the opportunity for individualized corrective and therapeutic measures in especially worthy and promising cases. What each of the Allied countries will do with its convicted war criminals is its own concern; a United Nations policy might well be more elastic and experimental.

In non-capital cases the jails, penal and correctional establishments and reformatory agencies, including probation and parole as well as hospitals for the criminal insane usually employed by the prosecuting state (if these are still available), should also be used by the international court. The court will, however, to some extent probably need detention and punitive facilities of its own. A Bureau of Imprisonment and Correction will also have to be set up in order to work with the international tribunal in supervising the execution of its sentences.

A basic consideration will be the need of hundreds of thousands of able-bodied workers to rebuild what they have destroyed. Work in labor battalions, for years to come, ought to be the fate of the vast majority of convicted Axis war criminals. However hard such labor may be, it will at least be imposed as a lawful penalty following conviction for crime, and will be more humane than the extermination of supposedly lesser men by a self-styled master race.

III

The task confronting the United Nations in all this is tremendous. To make long lists of accused and summaries of the proof available against them is but one step on a very tortuous road. It is necessary that the United Nations Commission in London be fully empowered to work out details of general policy and to implement the entire program with conventions and executive agreements, new tribunals, prosecuting and defending agencies, sheriffs and court officers, penal and correctional authorities and facilities. Above all, Hamlet's well-known "law's delays" must find no place in the program. To permit two and a half years to elapse between the accusation and the trial — as was done last time — means the strangulation of justice through the death, disappearance or intimidation of complainants and witnesses and the loss of public interest.

In quality if not in quantity, the task of doing justice in the matter of war criminals is the joint responsibility of the United Nations. The mere fact of the continued participation of the United Nations in doing at least one postwar job jointly, efficiently, firmly and fairly will awaken hope that the forward-looking members of the Family of Nations can continuously co-operate in the more pleasant and fruitful activities of peace. In the performance of justice the United Nations must present a continuing united front.

FLUFF AND FLINT

A Story

BY WILLIAM J. RYAN

THINGS were different back there when I was eighteen.

In those days eighteen was when you were young. It was when your pride in practically everything was fierce, your heart strong and eager, your eyes bright with the light of living.

Eighteen was when all things in the universe were crystal-clear in a spinning, shining, dizzy, baffling, out-of-focus sort of way.

You knew everything about everything.

It was wonderful.

Now, it's not that way at all. Everything is grim and purposeful and valiant. Things don't happen now that used to happen then. Like some things which happened to me the year I turned eighteen.

THAT was the year back there in the late twenties when I had a little trouble with Pop. Pop was all right, I guess, only he was sort of Irish, and impulsive. He worried about me too much. He'd look at me and get dis-

gusted and want to do something about it, and this always seemed to make him a little crazy. It seemed to me he was always messing up my destiny with his craziness.

I never worried, especially about my destiny. I knew what I was going to do to life. My plans changed from time to time, of course — sometimes every three or four days, in fact. This used to infuriate Pop and make him fill the whole house with his shillalah voice and make him act very disgusted.

Make up your mind, he used to say. Make up your mind and keep it that way! I don't care what it is but get it settled once and for all!

Damn it all to hell and back again! he'd bellow. Make up your mind, lad!

He'd get very disgusted.

Life would be serene and exciting, the long minutes standing still, full of throbbing ecstasy and joyous wonder, while the months and seasons, spring and winter and the rest, would go rushing by with breathless swiftness and I'd race like the nimble-witted genius I was to keep up with them, to

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discover where time, the days and weeks and months, were going. It was happy and baffling and very dramatic, too, being alive and just naturally figuring how I was going to astound everybody, including Pop, with some magnificent act or gesture, letting my talents dazzle the world like a new planet or sun suddenly bursting right out in the middle of the firmament — or something like that.

Then Pop would look at me and start all over again.

Well, lad, he'd say, I hope you're keeping at your Latin. You'll need to be pretty good at it when you're a doctor.

Doctor? I'd say.

Yes, doctor, he'd say. It was a doctor you said last week, wasn't it? Or was that the time before last? Didn't you say you were going to be a doctor?

Oh that, I'd say. I've changed my mind, Pop, I'm going in for law.

Law, is it? he'd say. Now it's law, eh?

I've been reading about this Clarence Darrow, I'd say. He has a very fertile mind and is very quick-witted and crafty in debate. That fits me to a tee, Pop. Almost anybody with an education can be a doctor, but it takes a real genius to be a great lawyer, I'd say.

A great lawyer, eh? he'd say. Not just a lawyer but it's a great lawyer you'll be. Tell me more about this, lad.

That's all there is to it, I'd say. I'll be a lawyer. By then Mr. Darrow will be dead and I'll step into his shoes.

You're sure he'll be dead?

He's pretty old, I'd say, and he can't live forever. I'll just naturally come along and work hard and take his place. I've got all the characteristics he's got. I'm very crafty in debate, for instance. I haven't lost an argument with any of the fellows in my class and I'm always outwitting Miss Everding, our English teacher. She just can't keep up with me when I get started.

Oh, you can talk all right, Pop would say. It's never you that'll lack for words and it's a good man who can get in a word edgewise.

Sure, Pop, I'd say. You ought to see Miss Everding when I get started. She gets astounded.

At what? At *you*?

Sure at me, or what I say, I guess. She just stands there with her mouth open, kind of. You can see she's astounded.

What do you say? Pop would ask.

Oh, a lot of things. Whatever comes into my mind. Things about the world and current history and philosophy and people and everything. Sometimes I'm so quick-witted and crafty about these things even I don't know what I'm going to say when I start to say it.

And this teacher, she just stands there with her mouth open, eh?

Most of the time, I'd say to Pop. Once in a while she smiles to hide her confusion but I'm wise to that little trick. Sometimes she gets a little mad and tells me to keep quiet or something like that, but that's mostly when I make her look foolish, though.

And you figure all this is good practice to make you a great lawyer, is that it, lad? Pop would ask.

Until I start up a debating team, I'd tell him.

Then Pop's voice would begin to grow big.

Now, he'd say, why didn't you say all this last week or whenever it was we talked last? Why was it a doctor then and a lawyer now? Tell me that, now!

I didn't think of it, Pop, I'd say. I just didn't know these things about myself, I guess. You want me to do the right thing, don't you? You don't want me to be a failure in life, do you?

I want you to make up your mind and keep it made up! he'd shout. Damn it, make up your mind, lad!

He'd be very disgusted.

IN the spring, with graduation approaching, Pop sort of went a little crazy. I kept discovering new things about myself and changing my plans accordingly.

For one thing I found out my mind was not only fertile and nimble but it was also effervescent and pretty flexible. So for a while there I decided to keep my genius completely free of shackles and plans for the future. I figured the best thing to do was to keep an open mind and wait for something to happen.

This short period was especially delightful, a gift found and taken from the nature of things. It was like a bouquet, a serenade, a poem, or some other lovely and graceful creation

transmuted into a nameless feeling: just the consciousness of being alive — just a sheer, exciting awareness of *living*.

Then Pop found out about my planless plan and started to act crazy.

Anybody with Irish blood will tell you that the rest of the Irish never have much sense, and I'm saying it about Pop. He was a nice guy and a gentleman at heart in a rough-hewn, vigorous way. He was big, a bruin of a man, and he loved action and physical violence and energy and all things masculine. He loved professional bicycle riding and boxing, for instance. So when he worried himself to the breaking point the first thing he thought of was making a professional rider out of *me*.

It was too ridiculous for words.

There it stood in the cellar, a *Thunderbird*. It was a beauty, I guess, as bikes go. It was sleek and trim, furious action and speed translated into something tangible, and by its economy of substance I'd say it was designed by a poet and built by a Swiss watch-maker.

Take it out on the road for fifty or sixty miles, Pop said.

It's a nice bike, Pop, I said. I'll ride it around the park sometime.

You'll do as I say, Pop said. On the road tomorrow, lad. You got to get in shape for Sunday after next.

Sunday after next for *what*? I said.

The Amateur Open at the velodrome, Pop explained.

Not me, Pop, I said. I'm definitely not interested in that stuff at all.

There'll be no lip out of you, lad, he said. From now on *I* will take care of your future. It's a rider like the great Kraemer and McNamara you'll be. 'Tis an honorable and healthy way to make a living.

Now wait a minute, Pop, I said.

No lip, he said in his big voice. No more debating! It'll be Sunday and you'll be up at five. Fifty miles you'll do.

Fifty miles I did. There was a mile-o-meter on it and every push of the pedal was recorded. I got sunburned, windburned, muscle-bound, and had nightmares all night. In bed my legs twitched and flopped like a couple of fish out of water.

On Monday morning he got me up at five again and I rode two hours before I went to school. It was the same way Tuesday and Wednesday and every day after. My calves began to bulge and my back began to grow into an arch from leaning over to reach the low-slung handlebars. It was up hill and down vale with the early morning wind whistling in my ears and the whole world rushing by at a furious rate.

It was all a wild piece of Irish craziness and I felt very humiliated riding the *Thunderbird*. There I was pushing that handsome piece of machinery around the countryside, turning energy into brawn and sinews instead of getting the sleep I needed to keep my wits nimble, my brain fertile and effervescent.

I started to get disgusted.

Saturday came and Pop dragged me

off to the velodrome and made me get into some silk tights and a jersey. The track looked like a fantastic saucer, full of tricky turns and awesome banks. I stayed away from them and kept riding around on the flat part. Pop kept running after me, telling me to show some speed and get up there on the track.

Ride them banks! he shouted. Get up there, damn it all to hell and back again! Show some speed!

I watched the other riders and saw it was a cinch, so I tried. It was easy. I found if I rode high going into a bank I could reach about ninety miles an hour simply by riding *across* the track to the flat side. It was like riding downhill. Right away I had my first race all figured out and won.

Things weren't so bad the next week because I knew I could out-think those other riders in the race, amateurs or professionals. All I had to do was keep up in front into the first turn and from there on it would only be a question of who would end second, third, and so on, because *I* would be first, going at least ninety miles an hour at the finish line. The way I saw it was *they* had muscles and *I* had muscles and brains. It just wasn't a match.

My plan would have worked, too, only something happened.

I don't know what exactly, unless it was because those other riders were so dumb and didn't have sense enough to slow up.

One second everything was going along fine, and then the next every-

thing was all mixed up and going all wrong. When the starter's gun went off I began pumping like a demon and left the barrier with an amazing burst of speed. The spectators, thousands of them, let go with a mad roar and I knew they were already yelling for me. There is no doubt it was a mighty, spontaneous shout of adoration for my flash of speed and beautiful style. I got into the bank riding high, my knees moving so fast I didn't know when one was up and the other down, working up close to ninety so I could stay with the *Thunderbird* when I cut across the track.

When I turned to ride the bank downhill, things got mixed up and confused. I saw a lot of bodies in tights and jerseys and also three or four bicycles flying around, and I wasn't on the *Thunderbird* any more. And then I saw two or three riders going by and I wondered what race *they* were in. The crowd kept roaring and somebody kept turning a big light on and off, and first everything would be light and then dark. And then everything quieted down and I was sitting on the track and Pop was standing there with a lot of other people and bellowing in that great shillalah voice of his.

Are you all right, lad? he shouted. What the hell did you try to do? Are you all right, lad?

The man who fired the gun came running over and looked at me and then at Pop.

Is this your rider? he said to Pop. He is, Pop said.

Then get him the hell out of here

and never bring him back, the man said. He's a menace! He almost killed five or six people, cutting across a field of riders that way. He's disqualified from riding any more races, do you hear?

Pop looked at him and said, Go away and shoot off your old Fourth of July pistol before I fracture your skull. Go away!

The man backed up about ten feet and waved the pistol at Pop. You keep him out of here, he said. He doesn't know the first thing about the rules. Keep him out of here!

Pop took me home and put me to bed. We left the pieces of the beautiful *Thunderbird* right there on the track. While I was in bed I thought it all over, and I thought, Well, if that's the way Kraemer and Iron Man McNamara want to make a living, it's up to them. I formed the opinion they could go their way and I'd go mine.

Pop didn't talk to me. He stood in the door and looked at me in bed. He seemed awfully sad. I couldn't make him out.

I guess he's just Irish, I used to think.

As soon as I got up I got right back into the swing of things. My brain functioned as well as ever, full of nimbleness and craftiness and all kinds of wisdom and wonder. I realized this the first day I went back to school and ran smack into another debate with Miss Everding.

She kept me after class to exchange views on some trivia, and without us-

ing hardly any of my craftiness I had her speechless in two minutes.

Then she gave me that helpless smile and said, Matthew, can't you do something about yourself and come down out of the clouds?

I said, You mean stop being philosophical about people and the world and myself and everything?

Well, yes, if you want to put it that way, she said. I guess that's one way of saying it.

Not me, Miss Everding, I said. I was made for great things. I got the world right in the palm of my hand, I said, my good, strong right hand. Only it's in my mind, not really my hand, I explained. That's just a figure of speech.

Oh, I see, she said. I see what you mean. Well, I hope life will be kind to you, Matthew.

Oh, don't worry about *me*, I said. I'm going to knock this wide world apart when I get started. You'll see what I mean in a few years, I told her.

She smiled again, so I left her before she got too confused. I felt sorry for her.

AFTER winning this debate I ran smack into more trouble with Pop when he came up with another lunatic stunt. This time he showed a complete lack of understanding of the nature of my talents. It was only my nimble wits, in a way, that proved he was wrong.

He brought home a set of pillow-size boxing gloves and put up a rope around the posts in our cellar.

It's a healthy sport and good business, he said. Here, put your left out like this and cock your right.

Listen, Pop, I said, this isn't for me. I got other ideas. I got plans and ideas that'll set the universe agog.

Put out your left and watch how you stand, he said. Put your left foot forward, like this.

Let's discuss this very seriously, I said. The life of a pugilist isn't my idea of doing things. Why not leave this business to Mickey Walker and Jack Dempsey, Pop? Why not talk this over?

You're too gabby, lad, Pop said. Put out your left.

Why rush into this? I said. I'm not a dope, so why should I be a boxer?

Walker and Dempsey aren't dopes, he said. You talk too much. Move around, watch your footwork, lad.

They'll never be engineers, I argued. Look at the Woolworth Building and the Brooklyn Bridge. Could they make anything like that?

Can *you*? Pop argued.

Wait a minute, I said, that's not a fair question for a man just a senior in high school. Give me a couple of years and I'll amaze the universe and you, too. Everybody will practically stop dead in their tracks when they see what I have in mind.

Stop backing up! he shouted. And stop talking so much!

Pop stepped up and jabbed again, and I saw an opening. Quick as a tiger, swift as summer lightning, with the sure, cruel instinct of a killer, I struck. I swung a right jab all the way up

from the floor and sent it straight and true for his jaw.

It would have landed, too, only something happened.

I don't know what exactly, but one of the posts hit me on the nose and then the concrete floor hit me on the chin.

I was pretty surprised, but after a couple of minutes I managed to sit up.

Well, I'll be damned, Pop said.

He looked very disgusted in the same old way.

In all my life I never saw one human being get two legs so balled up! he roared. How did you do it?

My timing was off, I guess. I was all set and everything, but my timing was off, I explained.

About an hour, Pop said. About an hour and fifteen minutes, it was off. Go upstairs and put some ice on that nose of yours and stuff some sterilized cotton in to stop the bleeding.

As I went up the stairs he bellowed, You stick to your engineering and lawyering or whatever it's going to be tomorrow and stay out of fights! You stay a million miles away from fights, lad! You mind me or you'll never

live to see old age! And that's final!

In all my life I never heard Pop sound so disgusted, but he didn't look or sound crazy any more. Just Irish, and disgusted.

WELL — that's the way life went the year I turned eighteen back there in the late twenties. Other things happened besides the troubles I had with Pop. A lot of things, and I remember all of them. They were just about as unimportant and meaningless, too.

Seen from now they were fluff — all fluff and gossamer and thistledown stuff.

Life was wonderful, all right.

But, as I say, these days it's different. Everything is tough and brutal and purposeful and valiant.

Now these kids of eighteen *give* something to the nature of things: the long minutes and short months making up their present, their dreams — even more — and all that. They give something like a bouquet, a serenade, a poem, dedicated to life and an awareness of living.

Our kind of life. Our kind of living.



CHARACTER is an historical fruit, and the result of a man's biography.

— AMIEL

THE RISE OF THE BEGGING JOINTS

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON

PEOPLE have been telling me to clap hands, crack jokes, and generally cut Big Jim by the acre. I ought to look and see. Great joy was around me.

When I turned around and asked why I should jump Juba and burn red fire without ceasing, they told me, "Look! No more slavery days, and even the Reconstruction is past and gone. Aunt Hagar's chillun are eating high on the hog."

Now, there is nothing I favor more than clapping hands in drumtime, and dancing all night long, unless it is having something to clap hands and dance over. But I didn't see too clear; so I said, "Pick up your points. Tell me, and then make see, so I can dance it off."

So they told me again and often. Sometimes they said it with arm-gestures. Same thing all over again: the Reconstruction is over. Everything is fresh and new.

But I am not cutting my capers yet awhile, because I don't know for certain.

I do see a great many Negroes with

college degrees, fur coats, big houses and long cars. That is just fine, and I like it. That looks really up-to-time. On the other hand, I see some things that look too much like 1875 in the lap of 1944, and they worry me.

Those Begging Joints, for instance. That is not the name they go by, of course. Some folks with their mouths full of flattery call them normal schools, colleges, and even universities. I'm sort of tie-tongued and short-patience, so I call them a functional name and let it go at that.

The "puhfessahs," principals, presidents and potentates who run these institutions seem to like them mighty fine. They will tell you without your even asking that these are "great works." Further, that they themselves are latter-day martyrs, electing to "carry on this great work for our people, so that our girls and boys may get some sort of an education." They tootch out the mouth to say this so that it oozes out in an unctuous tone of voice. There is also a ceremonial face-making, with eye-gleams, to go along with the sound. If you don't

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make some fast time away from there, you are going to hear all about how they were born in a log cabin. Think of that! And now, look! They have builded this g-r-e-a-t institution! The mouth-spread would take in the mighty expanse of Columbia University, but you look around and see something that would have been a miracle in 1875, but nothing to speak of in this day and year of our Lord.

The next thing you know, the talk has gotten around to funds. It always gets around to funds. Money is needed to carry on the g-r-e-a-t work. If you don't know any better, you will soon be shaking with apprehension at the prospect of this institution's closing its doors, and never another Negro girl or boy learning her or his ABC's. If you know anything about Negro education, you come out of your spasm quickly when you remember that there are such Class A seats of learning as Howard University, Fisk University, Morgan State College, Atlanta University and affiliates, Tuskegee, Morehouse, Talladega, Hampton, Florida A. and M., Southern, Bennett, Virginia State and Lincoln U. In addition, there are most all the Northern white colleges except Princeton with Negro graduates and students. For those with ambition but less funds, there are the state-supported colleges for Negroes in every Southern state. Quite a number of colored folk have even earned degrees at the leading universities of Europe, from Scandinavia to Spain.

But in spite of this, you are asked

to shake and shiver over the prospective fate of some puny place without a single gifted person in its meager faculty, with only token laboratories or none, and very little else besides its FOUNDER. The Founder is the thing! And the Founder exists to raise funds.

II

Where can one of these Begging Joints be found? There are two or more left in every state in the South.

With so many good colleges available to Negroes, why do these Begging Joints keep on existing? Because there are so many poor Negroes, and so many rich white people, who don't know very much. They not only do not know, but they are very incurious.

The colored families from which the Begging Joints draw their students know nothing about the importance of curricula for accrediting. They think that just finishing, "schooling out," is all that is necessary. Just so it is a school. Forty years ago, that would have been all right.

But, not only has the responsibility of the Negro population shifted, the concept of education has changed. Competition is keen, and every chick and child has to pull his weight in efficiency or get trampled in the rush. And that is the tragedy of promoting 1880 in 1944.

These institutions have two things to sell to the folks who are still living in the just-after-slavery aura. One of

these is "Off" and the other is the equivalent of the medieval virtue belt. And both of these things take us back to the nineteenth century.

In those days, any kind of school education was something for a Negro to have and threw glitter all around the owner, even to distant cousins. To send your son or daughter *Off* to school marked you as a Big Negro, getting more like the white folks every day. So *Off* became the thing to strive for. It then brought the exalted job of teaching school, plus social preference in everything, including marriage.

Off has lost its glamor for the upper-class Negroes, but it still has some attraction for the lower class. Almost never will an upper-class Negro send his children away until after high school, if a fairly good school is at hand. When he does so, it is either because the local secondary school is not accredited, and will hamper the entrance to some good college, or because of some family reason. It is not because of any prestige of *Off*. But there are still those to whom *Off* is a putting-of-the-family-foot on the ladder, an offsetting of the necessity of labor over the washtub and the cookstove.

The virtue belt factor comes in like this. During slavery, there was no encouragement to continence on the plantations. Quite the contrary. So when freedom came, it is too much to expect that it would have been acquired immediately. There was little immorality really, just a lack of con-

cept about the thing. So in the first generation or so after Emancipation, a mighty lot of girls got "ruin." Hence the first boarding schools that got started were more like reformatories with instruction on the side. You sent your daughter *Off*, if you could afford it, more to keep her from getting "ruin" than to get her educated. Naturally, even those ugly-faced, chilly, warden-like matrons were no more capable of thwarting a boy-crazy girl than her parents were. Daughter often brought her "diploma" home in her arms. Love will find a way.

The instances of this are fewer these days, but the idea is still being sold to parents — "We are not like that Howard University and Fisk. We don't allow our girls to go walking across the campus with boys. And no dancing together. No, indeed! Of course we are not so big as those places. But the students at those schools don't learn a thing! All they do is socialize."

It is true that schools like Howard and Fisk place no ban on ordinary social contacts. It is true that there is some dancing. But what the Begging Joint Puhfessahs neglect to mention is that such colleges as Fisk and Howard run small chance of getting any under-privileged, unrestrained girls among the students. They have the pick of the nation. The instances in them of the kinds of troubles the Puhfessahs suggest fearfully are negligible.

But the simple woman toiling over a washtub or cookstove does not

understand that. So she sends her daughter *Off* to get her virtue guarded, at the instigation of the Puhfessah. It may be a locking of the stable after the horse is stolen, but that is not important to the Puhfessah. If daughter is an indifferent student, that is not important either. The "Great Work" needs students.

No students, no school. No school, no excuse to seek funds. No funds, the principal is faced with a major change in his or her way of living. A terrible loss of prestige, plus going to work with the hands. No more of giving his life and life's blood to the "doing of something for my people." The Puhfessah is in no position to pick and choose among prospective students. He must take what he can get or fold. And God forbid the folding!

So the doer of good works begs a good living for himself in the name of his people. And that is all right for him. But what about the poor black men and women bowed down over mops or standing over the white folks' cookstoves to send daughter or son to the Begging Joint to dress the stage for the educational Fagin? And what of the students?

After two to four years, the janitor's or cook's son or daughter has a piece of paper tied up with a snatch of ribbon. He has had several years of considering himself above the commonality of Negro existence. He thinks sweat and overalls are not for him. But after many trials he finds that he can get no better employment than the boy he used to know next door.

He is Jim Jones again, instead of Mr. James Jones, prospective principal of a school. He cannot meet the requirements of the state board of education. He may have learned a smattering of some trade at his school, but not enough to help him much when skilled labor is demanded. Time and money have been wasted, and in addition, he feels a bitter loss of face.

Some, pressed by necessity, adjust themselves and do what must be done. Others, just as pressed, never do. They cannot fit in where they think they belong, but will not adjust themselves to the level of their fitness. They go through life scornful of those who work with their hands, and resentful of the better-prepared Negroes. I know one man of this type who will not wear overalls, no matter how dirty the job that he has to do, because to him overalls are the symbol of the common Negro, and he fears to be so classified. The highest "position" that he has ever held since he left college more than twenty years ago has been a minor one in a 5- and 10-cent store, but he clings to his delusion of grandeur still.

But the Begging Joint does a greater disservice still to the individual, the race and the nation. That is its perpetuation of the double standard in education. Even Southern legislators have come to realize that there must be only one, and the requirements of the Negro state and county schools are being sharply raised year by year. Beginning about 1930, the State of

Florida began displacing its old-fashioned Negro teachers with more highly trained ones, preferably from the big Northern colleges. Other states have similar policies. But the little private schools are out of the jurisdiction of the state boards of education. All the state boards can do is to refuse to accredit the backward institution.

The raising of the Negro educational standard is an obvious necessity, since the inefficient are a drag on all. The city, the state and the nation need all their useful people, regardless of race and kind. There is no longer any place for the black man who "does very well for a Negro." He has got to be good these days, and I said *good*. But the Begging Joints are still doing nothing but trying to put exclamation points behind what was considered good away back in 1880 when the majority of white people thought that all Negroes were something less than human.

III

As for the white donors to these Begging Joints, they need their heads examined. I am going to give them full credit for being friends of the Negro. But even so, why can't they be intelligent about it? If they want to do something for Negro education, why not look into things and give where it will do some good?

Mind you, I am not seeking funds. I am not a Founder — and not consequently, a member of the Order of Higher Mendicants, as George Schuy-

ler so aptly puts it. You were the one who said that you wanted to do something for Negro education. All I say is, if you really mean what you say, come out of the backwoods of your mind and do some figuring up. You must know that this is the greatest industrial nation on earth, and that during the last two generations the colleges have followed the trend of the nation's needs. Industry calls for scientists. They must be trained in laboratories, so colleges of any account must have these. Not only must they have them, but they must be able to make the constant replacements necessary to keep up with the latest developments. What would have equipped a whole college fifty years ago is required now for a comprehensive laboratory in chemistry, physics or biology.

Now, why give five thousand dollars a year to Chitterling Switch "college" in the backwoods of Mississippi, let us say, when it is some one-cylinder outfit with perhaps two hundred students? Five thousand is not going to be any help, not in the fix it is in. Five million is more like what it would take to bring it up to our time. Five thousand will just about pay for prexy's new Cadillac, with possibly enough over to put some chairs in a classroom.

Since you really want to do something for Negro education, give to one of the colleges which already has something to build on. You might, for instance, give to Howard University's great medical school. It is

turning out doctors and dentists who compare favorably with the best in the nation. The money could be used for laboratory replacements, or to sponsor some serious young medico who yearns to make further research.

Or if you are inclined toward literature, give to the library fund of Morgan State College, at Baltimore. It has a fine library, and aims to make it the finest possible. Or give to the school of Social Sciences at Fisk which, under Dr. Charles S. Johnson, has increased the sum total of knowledge in that field considerably in the last decade. Or send the check to Atlanta University. Its department of sociology is getting grand results.

I wouldn't put it past some of you to tell me that it is your own money, and you can do with it as you please. You are free, white and twenty-one. But you see, I'm free, black and twenty-one; and if you tell me that, I will know and understand that you have no genuine interest in Negro education. Or if you think you have, you haven't taken a sounding in the last forty years. You are way behind the times.

I have made it my business to talk with patrons of the Chitterling Switch kind of a school in the last three years, and I have been astonished at the number of persons giving money to a school without even inquiring into the curriculum or looking into the training of the faculty. They were under the delusion that the school to which they gave was at the top of Negro education. Indeed, the major-

ity had the idea that there was no other kind for Negroes to go to. Some did not even know that there were colleges provided by the state. They fluttered about raising little sums impelled by the fear that if the little place were not kept in condition to keep on crippling young black folks, there would be no other chance for Negroes to get hamstrung for life.

Instead of being a help, many donors have been giving aid and assistance to the defeat of those who need a chance more than anyone else in America.

What is the general history behind these little knowledge-traps? First, there were those little piney-woods schools opened by the Abolitionist church groups immediately after the Civil War. Fired by the Cause, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pious Northerners came South and gave themselves to teach the freemen how to read and write. But the greatest emphasis was on the Bible. Those who were first taught, were urged to go forth and spread what they had learned to others.

Then the "do something for my people" era came in on the trailing clouds of Booker T. Washington. He was responsible, but he didn't mean any harm. Tuskegee was a success, with tycoons of industry and finance rolling down in their private cars to see and be awed. They saw Booker T. Washington as the Moses of his race. They donated millions to give body to the idea of Booker T. So in the black world, the man was magical.

He sat with Presidents. He went abroad and stood with kings. This school-founding thing was something!

Without the genius of his idea and the surprise of its newness, hundreds of other Negroes deserted pulpits, plows, washtubs and cookpots and went out founding schools. The outer offices of financiers began to be haunted by people "doing something

for my people." There remained only one Tuskegee. But then, there was only one Booker T. Washington.

These Begging Joints were a natural part of the times when they were started and in a way they were all right for then. But they are unburied corpses in 1944. We can bury the carcasses any time we will or may. All it takes is a made-up mind.



BED-TIME — IN A MAD ERA

By MARION DOYLE

TIME, stop leaping up the stairs
 In your hobnailed clogs —
 Little Boy is saying his prayers,
 Accompanied by the frogs
 And the lullaby of drowsy birds
 Nearby in his window-tree —
 Come slowly, if you must come up,
 Tiptoe — quietly . . .

Now his last "God bless" is said,
 Tuck him safely in his bed.
 Look at his hands on the coverlet —
 Dimpled star-fish — Sire, be kind:
 Knowing this era's evil threat,
 I cannot be resigned
 To the swiftness of your feet,
 To the age's cult of death.
 Time, I'm tempted to entreat
 For the secret shibboleth
 To pass him through the Gate of Sleep
 That holds its own a hundred years —
 (So written in your ancient tales),
 Or till men's addled thinking clears
 And *love of life* once more prevails.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT CARTELS

BY FREDERICK HAUSSMANN AND DANIEL J. AHEARN, JR.

INTERNATIONAL cartels have been accused of every crime in the book: they have curtailed production, blocked our defense program, exploited our consumers, hindered technical progress, destroyed trade, created political tensions and are the foes of democracy. Every time anything goes wrong, it is blamed on a cartel. As a result the impression has grown that if the world abolished all cartels, then, over night, you and I would find ourselves in Utopia.

Today the whole question of cartels is hopelessly webbed in suspicion, emotions and misconceptions. Prominent among these misconceptions is the general belief that all cartels are bad; that they were invented by Hitler; that every government — except the Nazis — is against them. Supposedly, they are formed only by Big Business in capitalistic countries, and in future years we can simply destroy these “monsters” by passing an international Sherman Act.

One of the most prevalent mis-

conceptions is that no one *really* knows what a cartel *is* — except, that whatever it is, it is bad. Primarily, a cartel is an agreement which seeks to regulate production and prices. It is an attempt to adjust production to current demand. In every cartel there are bad and good elements. Some are altogether bad; none is perfect; none is entirely beyond redemption.

The next time you sip a cup of tea you might remember the International Tea Cartel. After many failures, the International Tea Agreement (1933) inaugurated an elaborate control of tea-growing in India, Ceylon and the Netherlands Indies. Cultivation was improved and, in spite of the usual claims that every cartel restricts production, an average yield of 939 million pounds in the period of 1930-34 increased to 1102 million pounds in 1939-40. Only recently, a study by the Food Research Institute of Stanford University stressed the “maturity and wisdom” of the production- and price-policies of the tea

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cartel, which is really an organization of private associations working most of the time in harmony with governments. However, occasional attempts by governments to transform the cartel into an official planning agency were politely but firmly rebuffed.

The American Copper Exporters Association (1926) did not guide all its actions with the same wisdom. By deliberately rationing the European market, this cartel forced the price of copper from 12 to 24 cents a pound. Finally the buyers went on strike and prices collapsed. The cartel then tried to stabilize at 18 cents, but after a few months the price slumped to 13, to 8 and finally to 5 cents. The entire policy was shortsighted and foredoomed to failure. Prices were office-fixed without a healthy regard for supply and demand.

Similarly, cartels in tin, titanium, mercury and other metals exercised monopolistic pressures on a needy market. Yet most inter-European cartels in textiles and in machinery did not fix prices, but standardized production — without restricting it — and established uniform terms and conditions of sale.

In a certain sense, the case of good and bad cartels resembles the question of good and bad women. The best are never discussed and the good are but rarely mentioned; the bad are always discussed and they alone attract attention.

A second misconception about international cartels is that they were invented by Hitler as part of his

conquer-the-world strategy. It is true that when the Nazis came to power, they used existing cartels and formed others to carry out their economic policies both in Germany and elsewhere. But long before Hitler, international cartels operated not only in Germany, but also in most other countries.

Indeed, in every stage of economic history there have been cartels and anti-cartel movements. Egypt, as early as 3000 B.C., had price cartels. India, a few centuries B.C., passed laws against price abuses. Thales (600 B.C.) took time off from his philosophical studies to monopolize the olive oil presses of Miletus and Chios. Through Roman and medieval days there were innumerable price understandings subject, from time to time, to attack and legal regulations. As far back as 1301, an international salt agreement created the first centralized selling agency. And in the following centuries the movement spread. The Cornwall copper syndicate (1785), the English coal syndicates (1665, 1771, 1835), the French fayence cartel (1811) and the brewery cartel of Ghent (1835) represent a few forerunners of later agreements.

But it was not until 1875 that the Calcutta Shipping Conference inaugurated the modern phase of the international cartel movement. According to Alfred Plummer, in 1914 there were 114 international cartels. Twenty-six were in coal, ores and metals, nineteen in chemicals, eighteen in transportation, fifteen in textiles, eight in stoneware and porcelain, seven in

paper, six in stones, five in electrical industries, and ten in miscellaneous lines. Yet Plummer's estimate, if anything, minimizes the actual number of international cartels in operation.

II

Most people think that all governments — Nazi Germany excepted — are desperately attempting to abolish cartels. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is an historical irony that although many governments are officially "agin" cartels, they often favor them in one way or the other and occasionally participate in them, sometimes even forming cartels of their own.

In the United States, production agreements and price understandings are illegal. There are, however, numerous legal exceptions, such as the Shipping Act (1916), the National Industrial Recovery Act (NIRA, 1933), the Interstate Oil Compact (1934), the State Tobacco Compacts Act (1936), the Bituminous Coal Act (1937) and many others. And under the Webb-Pomerene Act (1918), export cartels may be formed "at the water's edge" for use in foreign trade.

Why are export cartels permitted in the United States? Because Congress felt, and apparently still feels, that our exporters should not be forced to operate at a disadvantage against any foreign combination in the world market. Whether this is a sound policy is beside the point; the fact remains that one part of our official policy permits

the operation of export cartels. Why should we complain then, if other nations tend to favor their export cartels or even their domestic cartels? In both England and pre-Hitler Germany all such combinations, domestic or international, were subject to dissolution if they acted either against public policy or against the interests of their fellow members. Actually, few cartels in either country were ever dissolved by governmental action. The same is true of France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Holland and Sweden. Norway and Poland exercised a strict control, but even in those countries many domestic and international cartels were allowed to operate.

Some governments have participated partner-wise in cartels. In the tin cartel, the governments of Bolivia, the Netherlands Indies, British Malaya, Nigeria and Siam were contracting parties. Similarly, the Weimar Republic of Germany owned and operated an important company which was a member of the European aluminum cartel.

Finally, a number of instances can be cited, particularly since 1930, in which governments have themselves created cartels. The Wheat Agreement of 1933 embraced, in their official capacity, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, Argentina, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Russia. The United States, which played a major rôle throughout the negotiations, was one of the co-signers. Governmental agreements were also reached in sugar (1937) and in coffee (1942).

And on August 8, 1944, Great Britain and the United States, as part of a "long-range collaboration between the two countries in the international economic field," concluded a cartel-like agreement which is aimed at "assuring the availability of adequate petroleum supplies to all peaceable countries at fair prices and on a non-discriminatory basis, subject to such collective security arrangements as may at any time be in force." Mr. Stettinius, then Acting Secretary of State, signed the agreement for the United States. He explained that the compact was "an example of the kind of arrangement which it is hoped can be concluded from time to time in order that international economic collaboration may be assured." Yet public and private reaction to the agreement was mixed. Negotiations are still in progress, and some years may pass before a definite policy emerges from the mild confusion which now besets this all-important product.

Members of the left wing delight in emphasizing the international conspiracies of capitalistic cartels. They would be surprised to learn of the Soviet Union's rôle as an active member in many cartels; of the Soviet's share, for example, in several European oil agreements, in platinum, wheat and sugar, and in the Timber Exporters' Convention. The Soviet government also sat in at the International Cotton Meeting of 1939. And Russia's international cartel policy — it may be noted in passing — has been both shrewd and successful.

All the larger nations, on one occasion or another, have formed or used cartels or cartel-like agreements to achieve governmental purposes. Certainly this would seem to prove that these governments do not consider cartels as "good" or "bad" in themselves, but judge them rather according to how much their purpose and actions promote general economic welfare.

What the United Nations will eventually do about international cartels cannot be foreseen. But it will be most interesting to see whether they will attempt to destroy all cartels — except their own.

III

Manufactured goods and minerals, it is often assumed, are the only products that have been cartelized. Whether this concept is any more erroneous than the notion that "cartels are trusts," it would be difficult to say. Both beliefs are wrong.

If we compare the international trade totals controlled by cartels and other combines between 1929 and 1937, we find that farm products had a higher percentage than metals and minerals combined. According to our exploratory estimates, 7.6 per cent of total world trade in that period was controlled by agricultural cartels, whereas only 4.5 per cent was controlled by cartels in metals and minerals.

Agricultural cartels are not new. Although they blossomed in the 1920's,

they did not begin to emerge into full flower until the great depression. And there is every reason to believe that in the postwar period they will continue to grow at a fast pace. Agricultural nations and industrial nations with large farm populations are no longer content to stand aside and watch the world prices of farm products wallow in depression. Indeed, of all international cartels, by far the most widespread and ambitious have been those concluded (or projected) by government action in farm products. And presumably governments are in the food field to stay. It may well be that if the United Nations ever decide to outlaw all cartels, they will find some way of preserving their agricultural combinations.

Cartels in manufactured goods controlled 10.2 per cent of world trade between 1929 and 1937. This figure includes many patent agreements, a point which has tended to obscure the issue, as many defects of the patent system have been wrongly ascribed to cartels. For instance, most of us agree that the primary aim of the patent system is good. What we object to is the occasional shelving of patents. There is, of course, no defense for any patent arrangement whereby basic improvements are withheld from the consuming public. But in the words of Jerome Frank, "one should not throw out the baby with the bath water." Thousands upon thousands of international patent agreements have served to promote technical progress by exchange of

inventions. How to protect the public from exploitation and the inventor from infringement is a difficult question, but one which must be solved by patent legislation and apart from the international cartel problem. Each problem has its own peculiar characteristics; each, its own solution.

Similarly, the trust question and the cartel question are too often confused. In the United States the two topics are lumped in discussion as though there were no legal and economic differences between them. A cartel is an agreement between *independent* autonomous enterprises; a trust is a *centralized* control of *dependent* units.

In form and in function trusts are different from cartels. Some trusts joined cartels (chemicals and steel in England and in Germany), or used them as instruments. Other trusts did not combine with any cartel. The nickel trust, for example, operates throughout the world, but not as a member of cartels. Likewise, the Unilever trust (fats and oils), one of the largest in the world, carries on by itself. The same holds true for tobacco. Trusts such as these were potent factors in the international market. We estimate that between 1929-37 11.4 per cent of world trade was controlled by trusts which operated independently of cartels. And in the same period trusts which combined with cartels dominated 17.8 per cent of world trade.

Strangely enough, in all the current talk about international cartels very

little has been said about "Conferences." These are loosely-knit associations which in some cases, as in the Cotton Meeting of 1939, aspired to "ultimate international collaboration." On the other hand, the lead cartel disintegrated in March 1932 only to be reborn as a Gentlemen's Agreement in 1935. Conferences are elastic and can readily adjust their practices to changing legislation. They are far more important than is usually supposed. In fact, the whole trend of cartelization is away from rigid agreements and toward loosely-knit organizations.

IV

Of all misconceptions none is more tragic than the opinion that postwar legislation can wipe international cartels from the face of the earth. Although it is impossible to state the exact number of international cartels existing in prewar days, the staggering size of the list should dispel once and for all the illusion that they can be easily eliminated. Here, for example, is a partial enumeration of *some* outstanding international cartels and similar agreements, formed or renewed between 1920 and 1939:

Aluminum, Artificial Silk and Rayon, Aspirin, Beef, Beryllium, Bone Glue, Bottles, Business Machines, Butter, Buttons, Cables and Radio Communications, Camphor, Carbide, Cellophane, Cellulose, Cement, Ceramics, Chlorine, Citric Acid, Coal and Coke, Cobalt, Cocoa, Coffee, Copper, Corn, Cotton, Currants, Dairy Products, Dried Fruit, Dental Supply,

Diamonds, Dyestuffs, Electric Lamps, Electric Energy, Electric Machinery, Enamel Ware, Explosives, Ferro-Alloys, Ferro-Manganese, Flax, Fresh Fruit, Gas Mantles, Glass, Glaubersalt, Greases, Halibut, Household Appliances, Iodine, Insulin, Lead, Lead Oxide, Leather, Linoleum, Lumber, Magnesite, Magnesium, Marine Insurance, Matches, Mercury, Motion Picture, Newsprint, Nitrates, Oil (Petroleum), Olives, Opium, Optical Glasses, Paraffin, Paper and Pulp, Pepper, Plates, Plate Glass, Platinum, Phonographs, Porcelain, Potash, Quebracho, Quinine, Radium, Rails, Records, Rivets, Rubber, Silver, Silk, Sisal, Steel and Products, Sugar, Sulphite Pulp, Sulphur, Tankers, Tea, Transoceanic Shipping, Tin, Tin Plate, Titanium, Tobacco, Tubes, Tungsten, Uranium, Vegetable Oils, Wagons, Whale Oil, Wheat, Wines, Wool and Wool Textiles, Zinc.

Thus according to our exploratory estimates, between 1929 and 1937, cartels and similar agreements controlled 42 per cent of world trade.

In 1937, Germany had 1700 cartels. This figure includes industrial cartels but not trade combinations, communication agreements or patent arrangements, all of which were considerable in number. Therefore, as a modest estimate, we can reasonably assume that in 1938 there were 2000 cartels in Germany alone. Figures of other European countries for which registration statistics are available would swell the total as follows:

Germany.....	2000
Poland.....	250
Czechoslovakia.....	800
Hungary.....	260
Norway.....	470
Yugoslavia.....	70

3850

Then, according to a recent survey, there are 2500 trade associations in England. It would be most conservative to assume that of this number 1500 were engaged in some type of cartel activity. In addition, we know that the economies of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and Austria were also largely cartelized. Actually an estimate of approximately 7000 European cartels in the years preceding the second World War may be regarded as conservative.

How many of these European cartels were international in scope can be gauged only indirectly. The official registrations in several European countries would seem to indicate that about 20 per cent of all registered combinations were international. On this assumption, we can conclude that a grand total of at least 1400 international cartel relationships — based on several hundred international agreements — influenced European trade in the 1930's.

Let us concede that all German cartels might be destroyed after this war. Then what about the thousands of other cartels in Europe and elsewhere? Will they come out of hiding and return to life and full operation? We must ponder those questions and

ask ourselves what cartel policy the United Nations should adopt for the postwar period.

At present there is no unified international cartel policy, but rather a conglomerate of many plans, none of which is clearly defined. Perhaps we shall eventually see the destruction of all American cartels, including those registered under the Webb-Pomerene Act. Perhaps. But what Great Britain and France will do remains to be seen. And certainly nothing can be said at this time about the future policies of Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, Argentina and Russia. Nor must we forget the cartels of the Far East. If America pursues one course, and the European and South American countries choose a variety of policies uncoordinated with each other and with ours, before long international bickerings, jealousies, counteractions and "protective measures" will again rule the world scene.

Very little imagination is required to realize that the United Nations must formulate a *unified* international cartel control policy, one which is fair and equitable to all nations large and small. The time is now. Tomorrow may be too late.



THERE is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.

— SANTAYANA

CHIVALRY AND SEX

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

WHEN Mrs. Bill Jones gets unbearably nasty to her husband, he chivalrously refrains from beating her up.

Male mice don't fight with female mice, but — eek! — watch them go for another male!

While we're headed for compulsory military training for men, the people of the United States are overwhelmingly opposed to any regimented military activity for women.

Are the foregoing facts related? You may be surprised to learn that they are.

The question of why men don't fight with women, or why men don't want to see women as soldiers, might seem a simple one to answer. But when we look beneath the surface, focussing the light of new scientific findings on the subject, we'll find that it has far more important implications than most of us ever suspected.

Take our friend with the pesky wife (and if you're a man, you might put yourself in his place). Let's say the Little Woman has gone the limit: She's smashed his favorite meerschau-

pipe because she disliked the smell; she's deliberately returned a detective story to the lending library when he was right in the middle of it; and she's just flung a dish of spaghetti at him because he criticized the sauce. "If I weren't civilized — I!" he shouts, with strands of gooey *pastino* dangling over his forehead, "I'd beat you up so you'd never get fresh again. Yeh, if I were a savage or a lower animal I'd rip you to pieces — and I wouldn't have to worry about meat rationing, either!"

Well, he's wrong on a lot of counts. In fact, the truth, as now revealed by science, is almost the exact opposite of what he's thinking. Not only is his being civilized *not* the main reason for his chivalry to his wife, but, actually, civilized men are more likely to beat up their wives than are primitive men. *And the closer to the lower animal level he gets, the less likelihood is there of a male using his superior strength against a female of his species.*

Thus, if you've had a mental picture of the Cave Man or savage slambanging his woman into passive sub-

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mission, or killing her without compunction when she got him good and mad, you've fallen for a common belief which anthropologists have now exploded. The most thorough researches in every remote corner of the world, among people of every degree of backwardness, have failed to reveal a single human society where men were or are ruthless or brutal with their womenfolk.

On a rational basis, a wife means a lot more to the primitive man than she usually does to a man in our world. He has to pay heavily for her, to begin with; she's utterly essential to him for innumerable services (since it is taboo for a man to do jobs designated as women's); and to the extent that her affections or sexual responses are desired, he's more dependent on her because, in most tribes, it isn't proper or permissible for a married man to "chase around." So any injury inflicted on his wife would boomerang hard against himself. Apart from this, the primitive man is hemmed in by innumerable rules and restrictions regarding husbandly behavior, and if he maltreats his wife he risks severe punishment from her male relatives or his tribe. In addition, among various primitive peoples women are strongly organized to maintain their rights, and it is not uncommon for them to go out on a sympathy strike if any husband abuses his wife.

Yet underlying these social restraints we must look for another possible influence. Before there could have been any highly organized or ra-

tionally dictated behavior among human beings, as in the first groping periods when the human species was getting its foothold, there must have been some elementary influence at work to protect women from male violence. As Professor Otis T. Mason, a leading American ethnologist of the past century, pointed out, "If the maternal half of the human species had been from the first the victim of malicious imposition and persecution at the hands of the other and stronger half, humanity would not have survived." To carry this further, it is apparent that in any flesh-eating mammalian species, were there not some instinctive restraint, the males would use their greater strength to kill and eat the females whenever hunger moved them.

II

In short, as a prerequisite to the survival of any carnivorous species, we must assume the existence of some instinct for "chivalry" on the part of the male toward the female. We can only guess that it was at work in *homo sapiens* in the beginning, or that it may be latent in human beings today. But there is no doubt that the instinct operates constantly among lower animals of many kinds, not only among those which are flesh-eaters, but also among cattle, poultry and many other species familiar to us. If you are a farmer, or acquainted with domestic animals, you've seen frequent examples. On a wider scale, as

applied to a great variety of animals, I've checked the facts with scientists, breeders, circus trainers, zoo officials and other authorities. The reports are amazingly uniform.

In the case of mice, laboratory experts say that male mice don't fight with female mice at any time, whereas males may fight each other to the death, particularly if they are strangers. With regard to dogs, Dr. Samuel Milbank, president of the Westminster Kennel Club, and one of the leading authorities on canine behavior, told me, "I can say with positiveness that male dogs rarely fight with female dogs, and then, as a rule, only if provoked. But even if the female starts it, the male generally will avoid fighting back, or will be inclined to give up, no matter how good a fighter he is and how readily he'll fight another male."

Corroborating this, Professor Erwin Brand of Columbia University, who does much experimental work with dogs, said, "it would take very severe provocation for a male to fight with a female. There seems to be real chivalry among dogs." Among cats, also, the president of the American Humane Association, Sydney H. Coleman, told me there is apparently the same instinct. Tom cats, who always are in heat, consistently fight each other, but don't fight with females. Regarding horses, I heard from livestock authorities that "the stallion is the most gallant of all animals with the female." Although putting two strange stallions together is like setting

off a charge of dynamite, a male horse will never engage in a fight with a mare unless she starts it, which occasionally happens during mating.

Similarly, among wild animals, the experts at the circuses and zoos told me that in every species they've handled — apes, lions, tigers, elephants, deer, seals and so on — the males, while stimulated to fight with other males at sight, avoid fighting with females. It may be noted, however, that in many instances males will be peaceful together so long as they're exclusively in each other's company, but as soon as a female is introduced in their midst, especially during heat periods, the fighting instincts will be set off. (This happens even with sluggish turtles.)

Another interesting fact is that female animals have a complementary instinct which generally restrains them from fighting with males, although they can get into violent fights with other females. Among dogs, Professor Brand told me, this is most likely to happen when females are in heat, or toward the end of their pregnancy terms, when they become very touchy. (One night he left six females in a cage, and in the morning found five dogs, plus some bones.)

What is apparent, then, is that both male and female animals of a given species are geared by nature to curb any aggressive impulses toward those of the opposite sex, and to direct them largely, if not entirely, against those of the same sex. How are we to apply this to human conduct? At the very

mention of "instincts" in human behavior, many present-day psychologists and sociologists will see red. For some years now it has been very, very bad form in professional circles to speak of anything except "conditioning," or training, as being responsible for human behavior patterns. But lately some psychologists have been wondering whether natural impulses — or let us say, "biologically-conditioned reflexes" — do not also play some part in human behavior, and, specifically, in the relationships of women and men. Granting that no person's behavior toward those of the opposite sex could have been uninfluenced by early experiences and conditioning, we still cannot fail to be impressed by the many similarities between the instinctive, or automatic, conduct of the male and female among lower animals toward each other, and the presumably conscious and rationalized conduct of men and women.

To illustrate, we have many recent experiments and observations by scientists with respect to basic factors governing sex differences in aggression. Take the question of whether the "chivalry" instinct is governed solely by the male's sex impulse toward the female and his desire to win her favors. The answer is, "No." Among most lower animals mating is confined to limited periods, and sexual feeling is dormant in between times. Yet we have the fact that the male's "chivalry" or forbearance toward the female goes on continually, even at the times when she holds no sexual inter-

est for him. This is not to say that the sexual states of both male and female play no part in regulating, stimulating or repressing their aggressive urges, for they do. When the male animal is sexually at his height, and females are of most interest to him, he is usually most aggressive with other males. Likewise, the female is most aggressive with other females, and also is most apt to pick a fight with a male when she is at her sexual zenith and is most attractive to males.

The foregoing has been found true in varying species, some of the most significant data coming from studies of poultry. In every flock, it is found, there is a "peck" order for both sexes. This is a sort of fighting classification in which both roosters and hens grade themselves with respect to their standing with others of their sex. For instance, a rooster, through the trial and error method, or other circumstances, learns to back away from or defer to the rooster, or roosters, above him in the "peck" order, while bossing the roosters below him. The same system of self-grading is found among the hens. However, the "peck" order may fluctuate markedly, the status of any given rooster with respect to other roosters, or of a hen with relation to other hens, changing from time to time. While other factors may enter, what is significant is that the most "masculine" rooster, in terms of his sexual vigor and potency, usually ranks highest in the barnyard, and the most "feminine" hen, as measured by her egg-laying capacity

and her attractiveness to roosters, is apt to be the fightingest with respect to other hens, and to become the Number One in the "peck" order.

To see how the male and female hormones influence these behavior patterns in poultry, two University of Chicago scientists, Drs. David E. Davis and L. V. Domm, experimented with groups of capons (castrated roosters), and poulards (hens with the ovaries removed). By administering various amounts of male hormones to the deficient males, and of female hormones to the deficient females, they showed that the degrees of masculine or feminine aggressive behavior characteristic of poultry could be induced almost at will. In grades of intersexual or "feminized" roosters — experimentally produced by giving them varying doses of female hormones — the scientists showed further that they could regulate the standing of the birds in the "peck" order, with the most masculine males at the top and the most "feminine" at the bottom.

III

Perhaps the most interesting of all experiments and observations in the field of sex behavior, so far as they have a bearing on human conduct, have been those with apes, as reported by Professor Robert M. Yerkes of Yale University and others. Linked with the fact that apes are man's closest relatives in the animal kingdom, they are most like us in their sexual

makeup, reactions and functioning; ape females, among other things, are the only animals outside the human species who have menstrual cycles (about every five or six weeks). What has great meaning, then, is that the chivalry of our male ape cousin, as Professor Yerkes and others have shown, is apt to be governed by the degree to which the female is of interest to him sexually and is receptive to his advances. For instance, when the ape female is sexually *hors de combat*, or at her lowest point, the male will grab off most of the food for himself, and will treat her roughly if she objects. But when she is in her highest and most ardent sexual state (about mid-way between menstrual periods), the male is most likely to be chivalrous and condescending to her, and at the same time, most violent toward other males; and she, in turn, is most likely to be "bossy" toward him, and aggressive with other females.

Whatever hormonal factors or other biological influences might be at work, they are much less direct in apes than in animals lower in the scale, and are much more governed by circumstances, previous experiences and, within limits, by reasoning. Thus, in apes it is not so uncommon to find males flaunting the instinct of chivalry and fighting with females, or being cowed by them, and also curbing their aggressive impulses toward other males. So we can expect that as we move upward to and among human beings, as psychological factors and conditioning increase in importance,

the deviations from the natural patterns of aggression become still more frequent and pronounced. Nevertheless, hormonal and sexual states in human beings have been found correlated with their aggressive impulses, in ways not too dissimilar to those among lower animals.

As evidence, the average girl or woman is most likely to feel self-assured and "uppity" when she is hormonally at her highest point, and sexually most appealing and receptive; and she is likely to be least dominant and aggressive (although, perhaps, more irritable and quarrelsome), when she is at her lowest sexual state, during menstruation. Among men, we might say in general terms that the abundance or deficiency of male hormones, together with the sexual state as a whole, may strongly influence the degree of a man's aggression toward other males. As a corollary, we might speculate on the possibility that the man who is biologically the most "masculine," is the one in whom the chivalry impulse toward women is most likely to assert itself, whereas the man most deficient in "masculinity" and sexual vigor is the one in whom this restraining impulse is weakest, and who is therefore most likely to fight with women. But this, as we said, is speculation. Lacking formal scientific studies, we can note only (always making due allowances for training influences), that undeveloped males — very little boys — show much less of the chivalry pattern, and much less reluctance to fight with

girls, than is manifested progressively by boys as they grow up and become physically and sexually more mature; and that, at the other extreme, as psychologists have shown, men as they age become more "feminine" in behavior, and may distinguish less and less between the sexes when they are in a belligerent mood. (There are also the stories of eunuchs shrilly quarreling with women and engaging in fights with them.)

What we can conclude, in any event, is that if a man *does* beat up a woman, he definitely is not acting like a Cave Man or offering proof that he's a "he man," but more likely might be showing evidence of a lack of masculinity or virility. In line with this, psychoanalysts have long maintained that the swaggering, overbearing, outwardly belligerent and woman-bullying male really is insecure, immature, sexually frustrated and plagued by a fear of his inferiority and inadequacy. Simply stated, it would bear out the theory that the man who beats up a woman is at heart a coward.

IV

So far we've been dealing with the behavior and reactions of men as individuals. When we come to mass reactions, the reluctance of men collectively to engage in fighting with women, or to see women fighting with men, is even more pronounced. The strong feeling now shown in the United States against any move to conscript women for active military

service is of precisely the same pattern, in its basic motivation, as that evidenced by men in every culture, down to the lowest levels, and so far as we know, back into the most distant past. Whether or not the natural instinct of chivalry played any part originally in formulating the attitude, men universally have always manifested the greatest abhorrence at the thought of women as warriors.

"How about the Amazons?" you may say. Hard as it may be to believe after all the pseudo-scientific and "historical" accounts you've read, and the movies and plays you've seen, the Amazons were almost entirely a myth. I say, "almost entirely" because there is one possible exception — and only one, to my knowledge — reported by modern anthropologists. This, according to Professor George P. Murdock, Yale University authority, relates to the professional women warriors in the army of the kings of Dahomey, of West Africa, who were said to have been successful in some combats with enemy men. Accounting for their existence may have been certain peculiar circumstances in Dahomey such as the abnormally large surplus of women (the king having 8000 women in his harem), and the fact that their religion sanctified the males.

In any other primitive society, the strongest social barrier to women's engaging in warfare with men would have been, as it still is, the rigid division of labor which delegates warring exclusively to men. Here and there we do hear of primitive women help-

ing men warriors in some auxiliary capacity (as prototypes of our WACS and WAVES), and sometimes engaging in hair-pulling matches and violent encounters with enemy women; but with the possible exception mentioned, there is no evidence that women ever have engaged in active combat on an organized scale.

What of the present or the future? Here, no doubt, you are thinking of Soviet women, and thrilling stories of how they've been fighting side by side with men. Perhaps your mind also turns to the much-publicized woman sniper, Luidmila Pavlichenko, whom you may have seen in person when she was on a tour here several years ago. But the truth is — and I take this from official Soviet statements — that all of these Russian women fighters were guerrillas, or members of local home guards, and were not in any regularly organized military forces. The Soviet women in uniform are almost entirely those in the auxiliary forces, corresponding to our WACS, etc. As a Russian bulletin stresses, "... in no one of the Soviet reports has there been any indication that these women reserves actually have been utilized in the form of large-scale front-line fighting. It is clear that so far there are no infantry battalions of 'Amazons.'"

The cases of women taking up arms against men, which have occurred in many other countries (China, Greece, Yugoslavia, etc.), would represent no deviation from the natural pattern, discussed earlier, of occa-

sional aggression by females against males. Where there really has been a change is in such violent departures from the natural pattern of chivalry as have been exemplified by the Nazis and Japs in their treatment of women of what they term "inferior" races. This involves a very interesting aspect of psychological conditioning.

We have stressed the point that the chivalry instinct of males among lower animals applies only to females of their own species. In other words, as one need hardly tell you, a male lion may be chivalrous to a lioness, but he'll have no hesitancy in mauling a female zebra, sheep or ostrich. This fact — that the chivalry instinct among lower animals is limited only to those they recognize as of their own kind — has important applications to human behavior. Men, too, are or are not chivalrous toward women depending on the extent to which they regard them as of their "own kind." But there is this difference: In lower animals, "own kind" means *all of the same species*, and no distinction is made between differences in breed, class, color or appearance. The purebred white male bulldog is just as chivalrous to a black or yellow nondescript female mongrel dog of any type as to his pedigreed sister. Yet, although all human beings are equally of the same species, we have seen all too sadly how any natural feeling of kinship can be blotted out, and how, by inculcating the belief that people of another race, nationality or group are on an "inferior" or "sub-human"

level, men can completely abandon the impulse of chivalry toward women as women. To term such behavior "inhuman" is distinctly in error. It could happen only among humans.

In short, while civilization can't claim credit for the pattern of male chivalry, it very definitely must accept the blame for departures from this pattern. Indeed, it may be largely to the extent that men are animals that they manifest as much chivalry as they do in their physical behavior toward women. For in their social relationships and psychological behavior, while they may observe certain rules of etiquette, there is not too much evidence that modern "civilized" men are impressively chivalrous. No doubt many a woman who has been put through mental and emotional tortures by some man, or who has had to contend with male trickery and discrimination, would smile at talk of male "chivalry."

Be that as it may, it is comforting to know that on a physical level, at least, if all our rules of etiquette were wiped out, men still would find something deep inside of their natures which would impel them to treat women with a certain degree of consideration. And despite all the fanciful talk of women of the future going to war just like men, to fight with and against men, you may safely bet it isn't going to happen in our time — if ever. That is, unless we get so completely civilized and "human" that the spark of chivalry other animals have will be extinguished in us.

REVOLUTION IN SUGAR

BY HARNETT T. KANE

FROM the soft mound of the levee, a plantation manager points: "See that new cane-cutter, right in front? And that black fellow way yonder, tearing the stuff down with his knife? Well, in nine hours he gets a ton and a half, while in the same nine hours that machine gives us 200 to 250 tons! Counting everything in, every damned one of those machines fixes it so we need seventy-five men less."

. . . Unexpectedly, and with scant attention from the rest of war-gearred America, the region below the Mason-Dixon line is once more in the midst of a modern industrial revolution.

Sugar cane, one of the oldest and most conservatively operated crops of this region, has gone on the assembly line. An army of brisk, shining instruments is chugging over lands that engineers once termed "impossible" for the machine to conquer. For the first time anywhere, flame-throwers are "hoeing with a torch" — simultaneously cutting down unwanted weeds and sparing the main crops of thousands of lush Louisiana acres. Farm planners, implement officials, and government experts are beginning

to move in from other parts of the U. S. in order to get the facts at first hand: to watch the changes in operation and to see the actual results of low-cost controlled cultivation.

Everywhere the experts have visited, they find that the Louisiana sugar planters themselves have good reason to be jubilant. These planters managed to save this year's crop — even in the face of the unprecedented labor shortage that had threatened to leave millions of stalks rotting in the soft, semi-tropical air. Some of the more outspoken plantation owners have evaluated the new revolution: "We've been emancipated at last. The Civil War freed our labor from us. This frees us from our labor!"

Historically, the cultivation of American sugar cane has been unique in many respects. This "Big Grass" of the Louisiana Delta and adjoining lands is a sturdy but precarious crop. The Jesuits introduced it in the 1750's, bringing to the French Colony of La Louisiane a supply of the rich Haitian growth, and also of Haitian Negroes skilled in its culture. For decades the

HARNETT T. KANE, a native Southerner, has had an active and varied newspaper career. He has written several books dealing with the Delta region, among them, *Louisiana Hayride*, *Bayous of Louisiana* and *Deep Delta Country*.

French tried fretfully to make it granulate. Though it crystallized without much difficulty on the everbalmy shores of the West Indies, along the Mississippi River man could produce only a grayish, marmalade-like goo. (Also *tafia*, a rum-like drink which, said the moralists, the gay Louisianians swallowed with inordinate joy.)

Many blamed the climate for the failures of sugar. Then, after Spain took Louisiana, the economic life of the colony approached a crisis. Indigo, the staple crop, was devoured by insects; the land faced disaster. A former indigo grower gambled everything on cane, experimented, re-experimented, mastered a new technique, and succeeded. Cane stalks now marked the great avenue to Louisiana wealth; hundreds, then thousands thronged here to buy Negroes and seed canes. From the East men came by boat, over carriage trails, on foot, to share in the bonanza. Great plantations rose to dominate the economy of this lower valley; white-pillared mansions became synonymous with semi-rural opulence, with gentility, with privilege. The sugar men became the lords of the Delta.

For most of South Louisiana, cotton has never been the true monarch; sugar became and has remained King. The Sugar Bowl spilled over, from the Mississippi along the borders of the fecund Louisiana bayous, into Georgia and Florida. Consumption of sugar gained; the industry strengthened, adopted refinements, expanded; much

of the life of Louisiana, its general financial well-being, was centered about the fragrant, steaming kettles. And always, at the base of the shining structure, was the mass of its labor, forced and black.

The Civil War cut deep. To the sugar Negro, freedom meant, if it meant anything at all, the right to seek a new scene, unconnected with serfdom. Besides, hadn't he been promised his ten acres and his mule, the right to his own land? Plantations were deserted for a time; holdings changed hands. Yet despite everything, the cultivation continued in one form or another. Growers tried Chinese labor; the coolies carried umbrellas into the fields, complained about the supply of tea and staged sit-down strikes. The owners called for Italians, eventually to find that Tony and Rosa preferred to save up and buy their own fields. At last the planters knew that their only practical source of labor was the Negro; and then, disillusioned, the dark man returned.

II

From generation to generation the cane growers faced and withstood the challenge of every hazard: Mississippi floods that washed vast undertakings to ruin in an hour; hurricanes that knocked crops flat overnight; the mosaic disease, which all but wiped out the industry in the 20's. Yet the weather, cold weather, consistently remained the greatest danger of all.

Quickly the stalks rose, as high as a man, higher, purpling as their strong juices collected. With pleasantly brisk temperatures in the fall, the cane ripened well; the longer it stood, the better it would be. But it could not stand too long; the next week might bring a freeze — and a frozen asset! The planter's solution has been to make the best possible guess against the thermometer, to have a heavy labor force ready, and then work it, and himself, like hell.

Long ago, and today as well, the industry has been dominated by the great grower, with his thousands of acres. When the wealthy French and later the Anglo-Saxons went to the stream edges, they found operators with tiny plots, usually the "Cajuns," descendants of the legendary Evangeline. Getting bigger, the big man wanted elbow room. He bought out his lesser brother, merging acreages, combining, re-combining. Then, in the present century, the all-powerful individual has generally given way to the corporation. The graceful plantation houses burn down, or are deserted, to provide sagging, cracking quarters for bats or snakes or human tenants. The plantation unit maintains itself, though under less lustrous circumstances. Glamor has gone to the city — New Orleans.

Meanwhile the little man has never really given up; he clings with Gallic tenacity to his possessions, operating with his own labor, his family's and that of a few hired helpers, white or Negro. (In the more tolerant French

belt of Louisiana, the dark man receives a somewhat kindlier treatment than is his lot in the Anglo-Saxon hill country to the North.) About 13,000 individual growers make up the industry, with some holdings declining to five acres or less. A few operate picturesque, creaking one-horse syrup mills; the others patronize the refineries. About 40 per cent of the crop comes from holdings connected with such factories; the rest finds its way, too, to the refineries. In recent years certain of the smaller men have turned to the co-operative method, setting up a number of the most modern plants in the region.

Shortly before World War II the industry employed a full-time force estimated at 35,000, performing all-year-round chores. In addition, during hoeing season, from March to July, "lay-by" time for the crop, perhaps 14,000 or so extras were brought in; and, during the crucial grinding time, 35,000 to 45,000 more. The latter groups have been day-laborers, quartered in "long houses," or boarding places. Unlike King Cotton, who has no compunctions regarding child labor, King Sugar Cane has had no place for the little ones.

Regularly, as early as August, labor agents have gone forth into North Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and elsewhere, to recruit workers from the small towns and the cotton belt for a three-month season. Thousands have welcomed the chance; many have been cotton croppers, who, caught in the drab economy of the

tenant system, sometimes found at the end of an unusually successful year that they "owed only a few dollars" to their merchant-landlord. Cotton-picking was now over, and they could take advantage of the lull. In the sugar fields the newcomers received perhaps the only real cash they saw from one year to the next. Then, too, grinding time on the Mississippi or the bayous had something of the call of adventure and offered welcome excitement after the monotony of the prosaic lands above.

But machines had begun to creep in at the edges of the industry. The traditional methods of transportation on the plantations utilized iron-wheeled, mule-drawn wagons or small railroads for heavy supplies. Several iconoclasts, such as adventuresome F. Evans Farwell, argued that operations could be quickened with tractors and trucks. During planting, a few machines gradually appeared beside the mules; a check of cost sheets led others to follow suit. It was found that the new vehicles mastered unyielding Louisiana mud as nothing on foot, hoof or axle could ever before accomplish. Plowing brought additional machines; in loading time, vehicles drawn by tractors rolled up to collect the stalks. "A few less men needed this week. . . ." "We can reduce that other crew, maybe. . . ." Yet hoeing, much of the precision work and, above all, the essential slashing down of the cane constituted hand operations. Thus, "nigger and mule" still remained the indispensable units.

III

Efforts to mechanize cane harvesting began as far back as 1889. As L. C. Bourgeois, Jr., has pointed out, the crop is bulky and highly resistant to cutting. The richest part, with the highest content, hugs the ground; the thick stalks must be cut far down, involving possible damage to a mechanical tool. Furthermore, cane stalks are often twisted across the row, which makes lifting and gathering difficult. Year by year various devices were patched together. Most planters laughed at the foolishness; besides, with all those men hanging around (this was after Reconstruction's tight labor market), what was wrong with the old way?

Always the call for mass crews went out; and always long lines of muscular figures with gleaming knives inevitably appeared. Always — until higher-paid defense work beckoned Southern laborers as it did those in other regions. The lines of workers thinned. Full-time helpers left for the city. This time there were no Chinese, no Italians to try. (Prison camps eventually added some thousands of Germans, but these were not enough.) Grasses began to lift skyward in the cane fields, threatening to turn them into jungles. Hoeing was stinted, cultivation neglected. Gloomy predictions were made: the industry was wrecked.

Instead, almost overnight and under pressure of war, there came a forced adjustment. The "practical men" looked harder at the efforts of

the experimenters; they sat down and asked questions. Allen Wurtele, engineer-turned-cane-and-cattle man in Pointe Coupee Parish (county), remembered his lessons in mechanics. S. A. Thornton, J. J. Munson, B. C. Thomson, and N. B. Naquin, Louisianians all, worked late in their tool-shops. Almost simultaneously, the industry found four separate cutting machines ready for use; there were some kinks and breakdowns at first, but they served well enough to justify the word success.

Today shiny cane-cutters are nibbling at the Big Grass from one end of the sugar lands to the other. Revolving discs with biting blades flash in the sun, ripping at the tops of the stalks. Others, close to the ground, tear off the cane at the base. So quickly that it is difficult for the eye to follow the process, ever-moving conveyor chains draw the upright cane in a tight file and deposit the stalks where they are wanted. One type of machine throws them across the rows. Going further, another rolls them up and drops them into tractor-drawn carts as part of the same process. The inventor Wurtele is now developing a new device designed to gather and grind the sliced-off cane tops for use as cattle feed. Acre after acre of cane disappears, and managers point happily to the quality of the resultant product. In the words of Governor James H. Davis of Louisiana, the new cane-cutter is "an invention that promises to be as important to industry as the cotton gin

of Whitney, or McCormick's reaper."

No less vital, and perhaps of wider import for other crops, are the flame-throwers, working by selection, consuming what the grower wants removed, sparing what he wants saved. Day and night during hoeing season, the fuel tanks move quickly along the rows, nozzling at the rear, spitting flame at ground level to right and left. Small fires, and fast ones, break out. The observer is certain that everything is being destroyed, cane and all. (At this stage the shoots of cane are hardly taller than the young grass.) He goes back later and sees with astonishment that *only* the pests have been seared and consumed. Miraculously the cane, itself only a thicker grass, is hurt little or not at all. Its content and its leafy sheath have saved it.

Several times, at intervals of a week or so, the same process is repeated. Surely, one queries, after all this, doesn't the condition of the cane change and the yield suffer? On the contrary, the return is greater; the stalks are damaged less by the flames than at the hands of the hoers, who accidentally hit occasional stalks. Expense? Sixty to eighty cents an acre, including labor costs!

IV

During 1945, Mr. Farwell estimates, a full third of the sugar acreage will be subjected to treatment by the "torch hoes." A major implement company is planning mass-production

of the flame-throwers. The cotton men are studying these fire devices with particular interest, just as they are watching the cane-cutter. The much-discussed mechanical cotton-picker, delayed for some years, seems scheduled for widespread introduction during the next few seasons. Some have asked: what is the value of a mechanical cotton-picker, supposedly designed to eliminate labor, when an owner will still need men on the farm to cut down the grasses at hoeing time? Many cotton people see the flame-throwers as the answer.

Facilities were available in 1944 to cut mechanically more than 65 per cent of the sugar cane crop. Next year the percentage will be larger, the following year larger than that. But this poses the question of that army of lesser cane growers. At least 3500 to 4000 of them seem unable to afford the new machines. Government research workers have been talking of the possible development of a smaller-scaled harvester. One of the hopes of these independents may be the co-operatives; another could be a contracting system, whereby men "sign up" with an owner to use a new piece of machinery in rotation.

As for the men lowest down in the plantation scheme, the seasonal worker will obviously be the hardest hit, with the regular laborer, white and Negro, following as a fair second. The situation offers a happy hope for some — the opening of rich new horizons; for others, untrained in modern skills, the grim prospect of years without

jobs. The engineering-mechanical staff will multiply; for war veterans, especially those trained in motorized units, a new though narrow channel of employment should open up.

One solution to the impending displacements would be the development of a greater diversification of crops, with small vegetable plots, cattle and poultry growing. The South badly needs this. But where will the dispossessed get the land, and who will initiate such programs? Likewise, a development of small, decentralized industry has long been a hope of the region. Again, who will foster it?

Most of those primarily affected — white and black — have scarcely begun to sense the implications of a revolution that has overtaken a \$100,000,000 agricultural industry — a revolution which means that before long, some 50,000 to 60,000 men and women, in the cane country alone, must find other work, or know hunger. The altered world of the postwar period will burst upon this field worker only when he tries to go back, for the hoeing, for the usual cutting season, or for his once "steady" job on the cotton or sugar plantation. In cane, there will be no "long houses," no cabins, no grindin' tunes. The spears of the Big Grass will still wave in the winds, but the blade that lays them down will move not to the rhythm of a work song, but to the throb of a motor. For the land of the levee, which already knows more than enough problems, King Cane on the assembly line will bring new ones.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Mere Entertainment

THE theatre thus far in the season of 1944-1945 has offered the serious drama critic next to nothing about which to exercise his loftier talents, but it has nevertheless often given him a hell of a good time, which is very embarrassing. A serious critic is not supposed to have any such time, that is, save in the presence of drama of real quality, which frequently has a lamentable way of being very tragical and which, while it successfully purges his soul in the higher directions, is not calculated to make him especially jolly about the immediate world and his comfort in it.

I am not defending the kind of plays which, on the other hand, have entertained the fowl no end. They no more call for defense, at least from this particular critical specimen, than a very pretty girl who happens to be a little dumb, or a good Limburger sandwich, or even a traveling salesman story which succeeds in making one laugh. I may wish for plays of greater repute and I may wish for them heartily, as I do; but that is not the theme of this article. The theme is that mere entertainment, as it is snootily designated by the pundits, has something to recommend it too, just as the cup that cheers has, or,

under certain circumstances, a nocturnal hansom cab ride through the Park, or playing with one's pet dog.

Take, for example, Mary Chase's *Harvey*. The critic, however scholastically solemn, who would say that he does not hugely enjoy it, is, presuming him to exist, a liar, a fraud, and a menace to the body politic. It may be true that the play is many levels below the high shelf occupied by drama of lasting merit and importance, but it nonetheless provides an evening that is definitely gustful and diverting. What is more, it does not lack some intelligent observation and the humor derived from such observation. Treating, as you doubtless by this time know, of a tosspot who meets up in alcoholic fancy with a large rabbit and who thereafter enjoys him as a steady, sympathetic, boon companion, and of his concerned relatives who would lodge him in a sanitarium by way of exorcizing the rabbit and restoring their brother to normal, it is touched with a worldly wit not always encountered even in plays of some critical size.

Asked by a psychiatrist how he happened to meet Harvey (the rabbit's name), the tosspot casually answers, "I had just helped Ed Hickey into a

taxi and I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying, 'Good evening, Mr. Dowd.' I turned and there was this six-foot rabbit leaning up against a lamp-post." The psychiatrist inquires whether he didn't think this rather peculiar. The lush says no, he didn't. "I thought nothing of it because when you have lived in a town as long as I have lived in this one you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name."

Harvey, according to the genial tippler, is greater than Einstein. "He's overcome not only time and space but — objections. . . . He can look at your clock and stop it, and you can go away as long as you like, and when you come back not one minute will have ticked by."

And, later, "Nobody ever brings anything little into a bar."

The tippler's solicitous older sister has her philosophy also: "You have to be very intelligent in this world, or very pleasant."

And the taxi driver who has brought the toper out to the sanitarium thus warns the sister:

Listen, lady, I've been drivin' this route fifteen years. I've brought 'em out here to get that stuff and drove 'em back after they had it. It changes 'em. On the way out here they sit back and enjoy the ride. They talk to me. Sometimes we stop and watch the sunsets and look at the birds flyin'. Sometimes we stop and watch the birds when there ain't no birds and look at the sunsets when it's rainin'. We have a swell time and I always get a big tip. But afterward — whew! They crab, crab, crab. They yell at me to watch the brakes, watch the intersections. They got no

faith — in me or my buggy — yet it's the same cab, the same driver, and we're goin' back over the very same road. . . . Lady, after this, he'll be a perfectly normal human being and you know what bastards they are!

And the tosspot and his Harvey are wisely allowed to go on their former happy, contented, generous and peaceful way.

II

The Late George Apley, dramatized from the J. P. Marquand novel by Mr. Marquand and George S. Kaufman, is another gift. It may have its critical defects, even on its own light terms, but it similarly tenders the professor a pleasant holiday from the classroom.

Here, you are probably equally familiar with the theme: the immobile austerity of the old Boston tradition in conflict with the younger generation. The play emphasizes this theme out of proportion to the novel and goes in for certain jocosities which are somewhat foreign to the book, but on the whole, for all the liberties, it amounts to highly acceptable "mere entertainment."

The scene showing the family coming back into the drawing-room after Thanksgiving dinner and severally distributing itself in grim, overstuffed silence upon chairs and sofas; Apley's discovery of a volume by Freud and his starchy remark to his wife, "It seems to be Dr. Freud's idea that sex largely governs the lives of the people

— in other parts of the country”; the scene in the epilogue between the heir to the Apley traditions and the worldly old friend of his deceased father wherein the latter expounds his own formula for never forgetting a wedding anniversary in having always taken a drink for each married year and at the moment negotiating his fortieth; the Harvard-ingrained Apley’s distrust of Yale men; his antipathy to the Boston Irish; his remark, following the news that an old club member dropped dead when a stranger entered the sacred precinct, “What will happen if strangers come to the funeral?” — these and other elements contribute to an evening that marks a welcome escape from things like Piscator’s production of *King Lear*, Margaret Webster’s of *The Cherry Orchard*, and similar papier-mâché knife stabs at dramatic art.

There is some relieving amusement to be had, also, in even so synthetic an exhibit as the Norman Krasna-Moss Hart *Dear Ruth*, albeit it may properly be waved aside the next morning as a sheer Broadway box-office concoction. But Broadway box-office concoction or not, and often, as such, pretty cheap, it nevertheless at intervals stubbornly assaults the midriff. Professorially set your features all you want to, you will just the same be ignominiously reduced to chuckles over a variety of its episodes including, among others, the hefty father’s coercion into donating some of his blood to the armed services and his subsequent exhausted remark that

there were twenty women in the room and that he was the only one in it who needed a blanket; the family’s sitting-room suffocatingly filled with lilacs by the young daughter’s admirer; the seedy private joke of the parents which always makes them laugh uproariously, to the acute puzzlement of the daughter’s stuffed-shirt fiancé; etc., etc.

No stuff for Schlegel, perhaps, but even Schlegel, recall, sank to the depths of defending that comical atrocity, the play upon words. “Those who cry out against the play upon words as an unnatural and affected invention,” he declared, “only betray their own ignorance of original nature.”

III

The present theatre, in short, is as rich in light amusement as it is poor in substantial drama. *Chicken Every Sunday*, confected by the Epstein brothers from the Rosemary Taylor novel, is full of hilarity, largely of a sexual nature. The married man who always sneaks up the back stairs to his wife’s room because it gives him the satisfactory feeling of doing something he morally shouldn’t; the nymphomaniac who is eventually reduced to chasing Indians on a Western ranch; the husband of the boarding-house mistress who, when the house is crowded, has to sleep on an orange crate in the parlor and finds his bare feet sticking into the audience’s face, and ingredients of a kind embroider the stage

with their burlesque humor and are good for any number of belly-laughes.

There is some tonic fun as well in *Snafu*, with its returned young soldier waking up the family at 5:30 A.M. with his bugle calls, with its sex-starved, hypocritical old maid snooping around in quest of some fascinating dirt, and with its final curtain finding the horrified old girl fortuitously rolling around on the floor with an Army colonel. And in the musical shows there is plenty of it.

The fashionable Negro country club scene in *Carmen Jones*, with such an excess of toniness as hasn't been seen on a stage since Oscar Wilde's time, is the stuff on which humorous dreams are made. The sketch in *The Seven Lively Arts* in which Beatrice Lillie seeks to make American doughboys feel at home in an English canteen by talking to them in what she imagines is their own lingo, most of it with an anatomical double meaning, is guaranteed to make you howl. And so, in the same show, is a drinking song which exercises such an hypnotic effect upon Bert Lahr, its singer, that

at the end of it he finds himself reeling.

The saucy episode in *One Touch Of Venus* wherein the goddess come-to-earth tries to warm up a recalcitrant male mortal who has fetched her and almost gives up in desperation is the schnapps of merriment. Bobby Clark prancing about like a woodland faun and wildly tooting a flute by way of throwing officers of the law off his scent, in *Mexican Hayride*, is good for some aisle-rolling. Sig Arno's old Leo Ditrichstein grand manner and general stage business in *Song Of Norway* is of humor all compact. And some of the gags in the latest Olsen and Johnson racket, *Laffing Room Only!*, are, even at their worst, at least superior to some of those of Shakespeare's clowns.

And that is not all.

It was a great man who once wrote, "He who is ashamed of his laughter makes others ashamed of his poverty of intelligence." There is a place for everything in this world. And a good, loud, healthy, ceiling-rattling laugh never hurt anyone, even a critic.



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— CHESTERTON

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VEGETABLES—Two servings—some raw, some cooked—fresh or canned. One green-leaf vegetable. A serving of potatoes



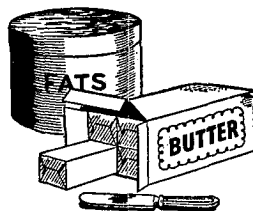
FRUITS—A citrus fruit—orange or grapefruit. Other fruits, raw and cooked, including tomato



MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS, AND CHEESE—At least 4 eggs a week and one healthy serving a day of one of the others



BREAD AND CEREALS—One or both at every meal, either whole-grain cereals or enriched bread



BUTTER AND OTHER FATS—Two or three tablespoonfuls as a spread or in cooking

Health authorities believe that all these foods are needed to fulfill normal nutrition requirements. If your diet contains them *all*, and you *still* feel tired, nervous, and lack resistance, then you should have a thorough physical checkup by your doctor.

as you'd like to be?



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THE FLUTE THAT BLEW JUST LIKE THUNDER

By JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

WELL, you know, old King Midas, he turn things into gold, yes suh, Old Man Midas he just touch things and they was gold. Sho' was. So after awhile he turn so much into gold he cain' eat for the gold in his plate, and he turned his little girl into gold, so he say, he say, here, here, Midas, about face, boy, stop this foolishment! So he said his prayers to Saint Jupiter Pluvius, and Jupiter he heard him and he made Midas just a plain, ordinary king, and to show you how ordinary Midas got to be, why, the gods they all branded him, and the way they branded him, they given him the years of a Missouri canary. That was cause they want him to recall what a fool he done been.

Old Midas, you know, he don' like that, not a bit! Cause he wanted his years to be regular years like on other people. So he taken to hiding his years. Growed his hair out real long so nobody could see his years. Sprout his hair out long, real long. Yes suh, he don' want nobody to know he got a jassack's years. That's the truth. Well, shucks, any man got to git a barber once in awhile, so Midas got to git a barber so he git his hair cut. Midas he say, What you think my years look like, Barber?

Barber say, Look like years to me. But what kind of years? Is they nice years?

Well, King Midas, they look like old jassack years to me. You can call 'em nice years if you wish, but to me, they just old time jassack years!

Midas he grumble, he gitten hot, and before that po' barber knowed it, he had to eat supper that night without no head, cause Midas sho' God had his head cut off.

Well, the Barbers' Union, they heard about it, but they don' know why the man was killed, and Midas he wouldn' tell 'em, he just say, That man was a fool, he wudn' no good atall! And everybody say that fool sho' better let his head gittin cut off be a lesson to him, us don' want no foolish people around!

So that's the way it went unto Midas need a new tonsorial trim. And after that he done got all trimmed, why, the barber that trimmed him he had to eat supper without no head, too. Hit went that way unto at last they was only just about very few barbers left. Cause Midas he gotten rougher and rougher on the barbers. Sho' did. And the Barbers' Union, hit 'gan to think, all day and all night it confiscate real hard. Unto at 430

by daylight savin' time, hit arrive at a declusion. Cause the Barbers' Union now, all it had was a president, secretary and treasurer, and one lonesome member. And that lonesome member he was the treasurer, secretary and president all in one, cause it had got to where that all they had in the Union was one man left. And this sole surviving member he decide that when he discover what wrong, he gonna run like a dog had turpentine on he tail. And suh, sho' 'nough, after so long, Midas desire a fresh tonsorial trim. Barber light in and trim away. Midas rare back and he say, What kind a years you think is I got?

O, I don't know, look like years to me . . .

But ain't they nothin' peculiar about these here years?

Barber he realize then that as the final member of the Barbers' Union he got to make he last stand, so he say, King Midas, I is a peaceful man, I think a man's years is his own business.

King say, What kind a years is I got!

O, they is a nice kind!

Of course they is the nice kind, but *what* kind? Would you say my years is a years like on a eagle bird, is they a elephant's years, or is they the kind a years you'd find, say, on a . . . jassack!

Well, you ast for it, your Highness, you gon' git it toot sweet! Them years you got, they is a jassack's years!

Barber no sooner say that than soldiers come from about nineteen direc-

tions, and he, he so sca'ed, he so sca'ed he run, he run three, four ways at one time. Unto at last he gotten away. Got out in a field by the seaside, and he hidden heself among some reedses. And the soldiers gone back tell King Midas that fool drowneded heself in Mobile Bay. That barber, you know, he knowed quite some few things. To every reed along the water he gone to it, and he tell that reed: King Midas got years just like a Missouri canary. And suh, them reeds, they remembered it! Yes *suh!*

Now I gon' tell you the end of this story. Hit is what you might very well call a most peculiar sort of ending, on account it sho' is most peculiar, strange like!

King Midas, you know he have a clown and this clown he sorta entertain the King, he do his best to make the King laugh, only Midas he not laugh no more. So clown say I gon' make you a flute, and the sweet music make you feel much better!

And you won't believe it, but the very reeds he used to make that flute was some that the barber had done already talk to.

So one night, Midas give a big blowout, regular breakdown. Everybody from away back in Shubuta, and Vinegar Bend attend, by attend, I mean they was present with the' clothes on. Everybody git so happy that Midas say, Come on here, clownified jester, give us a solo on that flute!

Clown tune up do, re, mi, fa, sol, and then he give the high sign G

clefter, cause he ready to inaugurate. But soon as he start, why, them reeds in that flute, they bust out a gabbling like calliopes at a circus. They said, Midas got a jassack's years!

Ev'body jumped! Midas jumped! aw man, he just naturally leaped! Clown he jumped. But he blowed again, and the flute shouted out, Midas got years just like a Missouri canary! Then ev'body say, Lemme blow it. Gim it to me, quick, I want to blow! So ev'body blowed and then they all got to laughin'.

They laugh and they laugh and they laugh! And then they laugh all over again ever' time that that flute blowed out a note. And Midas he so mad, he know if he chop off they heads he won't have no population left, that old fool he got to laugh, too. He laugh to he cry. And ev'body laugh out fit to kill, cause they don' care if Midas got diplodocus years, but Midas, he laugh cause he done got so blame mad he cain' see straight.

After awhile all them people done gone on home, and Midas go to bed, and he shiver all over, cause he so scared he think the ghostes of all them barbers gonna come git him. And just when he might a cooled down and went to sleep, why that fool clownified jester, he gotten up in the middle of the night, I suppose he goin' back to the bathroom to see somethin' in the Sears Rareback Catalogue, but anyway, he brang out that big flute and he gin it the do, re, mi, fa, sol, G clefter, and suh! he no sooner have blow the minor B sharp, to that old flute, hit brayed out, hit spoke just like thunder. Spoke just like thunder, broke the slats in Midases bed and throwed him out on the floor and he 'gan to shout over and over and over, King Midas got years just like a Missouri canary, Midas got years like a jassack! And he sot there laughin' like a fool, cause now he was a fool, he just as crazy as a bedbug with the measles, yes he were, too!



Reminder—

Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently he who moulds public opinion goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to execute.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE CASE AGAINST PATENT MEDICINES

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

No problem in diagnosis or therapeutics is beyond the scope of the modern medicine merchants. No illness is too severe for them to offer hope of its cure; none is too minor for them to remedy or allay. Millions of persons, reading the claims made for these patent medicines, rely on them to cure their ailments. They do not doubt the medical authority behind the advertisements, nor do they suspect that the claims and the facts very often do not agree.

The great majority of patent medicines are harmless, but completely ineffective. Fortunately, the Food and Drug Administration now maintains a vigilant inquisitiveness about medicinal products, with the result that many of them have been exposed and many have been forced to quit the market. The evolution of the Lydia E. Pinkham label is an eloquent index of the progress of Federal control. Before the Food and Drug Act of 1906, the label read, "A Sure Cure for Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, and All Female Weaknesses." After 1906, the words "A Sure Cure" were deleted. Still later, the claims were further modified, and now the

label simply states, "Recommended as a Vegetable Tonic in Conditions for which This Preparation is Adapted." One might just as well say, "This medicine is good for you if it is good for you."

The Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 required the manufacturers of medicinal products to list the ingredients on the label. For the first time the public could scrutinize Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with a critical eye. According to the label, it contains vitamin B₁. Aside from the fact that nutritionists now recognize that the best source of this vitamin is natural food, there is absolutely no scientific evidence that vitamin B₁ is of value in the relief of "periodic pain" or "female weaknesses." The other ingredients of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound are listed below. The comments and quotations are from the *Epitome of the United States Pharmacopœia and National Formulary*:

Gentian: A bitter tonic.

Black Cohosh: An herbal remedy which "has not been found to possess definite value."

True Unicorn: Unicorn root is "used in

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proprietary 'female remedies' without evidence of value."

False Unicorn: A medicinal root "without established value."

Life root plant: "Entirely superfluous."

Dandelion: An ancient remedy inferior to many other drugs as a bitter tonic and laxative.

Chamomile: An herbal often used as tea, the "effects, if any, are due mainly to hot water."

Pleurisy root: "An obsolete domestic remedy for pleurisy . . . probably without value."

In other words, not only are the contents innocuous, but it would also obviously be impossible to find any "conditions for which this preparation is adapted."

"Here's good news for women with flat, undeveloped busts! Many women who are embarrassed and worried because they look mannish and lack sex-appeal will be happy to know about this new discovery." In one corner of this ad is a picture of a full-bosomed young woman who obviously has no further need for the new discovery, Estrol Cream. This cream was debarred from the mails a year ago. At the hearing, a qualified expert in endocrinology testified that the small amount of estrogenic substance in Estrol Cream might cause a slight swelling of the breasts, but that "this condition would be only temporary and the breasts would regress even under continued treatment."

Form-Aid, too, was a cream advertised as a help to mannish girls. It would supposedly bring an undeveloped or sagging bust to a full and shapely size when used in conjunction

with certain exercises. Then it, too, was debarred from the mails, because Post Office Department experts were not satisfied that a cream containing only petroleum jelly, hydrous wool fat and perfume would bring about the claimed results.

Products boasting a vitamin content have been flooding the market recently. The makers of cosmetic creams have claimed added value for their products because of the medicinal substances they contain. But there is no scientific evidence whatever that vitamins have any beneficial effect either locally or systemically when applied to the skin. Consequently, the Federal Trade Commission issued Cease and Desist Orders against Montgomery Ward's Double-Vitamin Cold Cream, Dorothy Gray Cosmetic Creams and Vita-Ray Cosmetic Cream.

Kelp-A-Malt Tablets, containing thiamin (vitamin B₁), met the same fate. The manufacturers were directed to stop advertising that Kelp-A-Malt would enable those who are tired to regain strength and vigor. And Vigor-Tex, rich in thiamin, was hit by a Notice of Judgment in 1943 because of the claim that it would build vitality, banish fatigue and normalize blood pressure. Also charged with misbranding, was Polly Rich Wheat Germ, "nature's own tonic in its pure virgin wholeness," efficacious in the treatment of anemia, cataracts, sterility and alcoholic diseases. These are but a few of the many vitamin preparations that have been called on the Federal carpet in recent years.

The ineffectuality of patent medicines has often been exposed by independent researchers as well as by Federal investigation. "Nature must produce about two pints of liver bile each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you. One way to aid digestion is to increase the flow of liver bile. Now, Carter's Little Liver Pills start to increase this flow quickly for thousands!"

Appealing claims like these stirred Dr. A. C. Ivy, Northwestern University Medical School's famed physiologist, to investigate. Knowing that there is no practical way to measure the flow of bile in human beings, he selected dogs for his experiments. The biliary system of the dog closely resembles that of man. When Dr. Ivy gave a reliable bile stimulant to dogs, the flow was greatly augmented. But when ground-up Little Liver Pills, as many as four at a time, were given to the same dogs, there was absolutely no effect on the output of bile. These experiments were repeated over and over and the results were always the same — the pills did not increase the flow of bile.

II

Many patent medicines are harmful. This is not so much because of their contents, as because of the fact that, either through misrepresentation in advertisements or ignorance on the part of the buyer, they are applied at

the wrong time to the wrong ailment. For instance, the makers of Serutan announce on the label that their product "is the result of years of long experience and intensive research," and that it contains vegetable pentosans derived from *plantago ovata*. In plain English, this means that it is made from blonde psyllium seed. Seeds of this type have been used in the treatment of constipation for centuries. But the *Dispensatory of the United States of America* says that the use of psyllium "in improper cases is as potent for harm as it is for good in appropriate cases." The question is: how can a layman decide whether his case is "appropriate" or "improper"?

"Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills." There are scores of causes for backache. Here again, how can a layman determine that his trouble is the result of tired kidneys? While he is experimenting with Doan's Pills, irreparable damage may result. If his backache is caused by arthritis, tumor of the spinal cord, or disease of the prostate gland, he may be beyond hope of cure by the time he gets to his doctor.

Insulin is the only drug of value in the treatment of diabetes. If a patient who needs insulin fails to get it, he may lapse into coma and die. Yet the makers of Vitaelixir Formulas recently advertised that diabetics can "slowly wean themselves away from the insulin." To increase the market, the

preparations were also said to cure arthritis, sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, neuralgia, heart trouble, high blood pressure and chronic stomach disorders! Government chemists found the formulas contained no less than twenty ingredients whose combined action would range from laxative to purgative. An expert medical witness testified that the effect of the formulas and the accompanying diet "would be adverse in all severe cases of diabetes." On April 23, 1943, therefore, the Post Office Department issued a fraud order debaring Vitaelixir Formulas from the mails.

This is only one of the score or more of diabetic cures that have become involved with some agency of the Federal government in recent months. These range from Crawford's Ridia, concocted mainly from alfalfa and mint, to Armi Mineral Water, consisting of tap water with small amounts of minerals and a saline cathartic added.

A great many patent medicines have been found to be dangerous because of their drug content. For example, Marmola, containing thyroid, had been widely advertised as a cure for obesity. In 1944 its makers lost a decision to the United States in the Circuit Court of Appeals, Seventh Circuit. The evidence disclosed that thyroid in the doses recommended is dangerous to the health of the public, and the label had not warned against the dangers; furthermore, that obesity is not caused by the lack of any substance that Marmola supplied.

Many other reducing aids, such as Effervescent Kruschen Salts, Ayds Candy, Fernel Concentrate and Venus Tablets, have been declared misbranded by the Food and Drug Administration in Notices of Judgment.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* a few years ago, there appeared the report of a man who was brought to a Chicago clinic with severe mental disturbance. His speech was thickened and he shuffled when he walked. He didn't know his name, address, or the day of the month. He thrashed in his bed and cried out at the sight of snakes and fishes on the wall. According to relatives, he had been using Bromo-Seltzer since 1900 because of periodic migraine headaches. When he suffered business reverses in the twenties, he started to take several "Bromos" daily. After a time, he began to have mental symptoms which progressed as he increased his consumption of the drug.

When this patient was admitted to the hospital, his blood was so saturated with bromide — the sedative substance of Bromo-Seltzer — that doctors scarcely hoped to save him. Nevertheless, heroic treatment was directed toward driving the drug out of his system. And he did improve as his blood bromide-content decreased. In a week he was much better and in a month he was able to leave the hospital. When he was discharged, there was still question as to the possibility that permanent brain damage had resulted.

A short time ago, a Georgia man

was thought to be drunk because he was stumbling aimlessly along the street. A migraine sufferer, he is said to have taken several B. C. headache powders daily, for years. In the hospital, his blood was found to be loaded with bromide — one of the ingredients of the powders. He didn't begin to improve until special treatment had washed his system free of bromide. In both of these cases, excessive and ignorant self-medication caused far more serious physical conditions than the original ailments.

According to the *Dispensatory of the United States of America*, phenolphthalein, the active ingredient of certain candied laxatives like Ex-Lax, is used "in many cases to the great disadvantage of the patient." Moreover, it is a potentially dangerous drug. At least a score of cases of

phenolphthalein poisoning have been reported. Most of the victims have been children who have consumed large quantities of the drug thinking they were eating chocolate candy.

From these few examples it should be clear that, though often ineffective, the majority of nostrums are harmless. The danger lies in the buyer's ignorance, because self-medication delays proper diagnosis and rational treatment. (The fraud is in the fact that he often pays exorbitant prices for patented drugs that are in themselves ridiculously cheap.) For instance, the principal ingredient of countless remedies is a simple cathartic like Epsom salt. When you buy it in many patent medicines, you pay as much as a dollar an ounce for it. When you buy it in pure form, it costs only about six cents a pound.



Law —

LAW and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

— C. C. COLTON

THE freedom of a government does not depend upon the quality of its laws, but upon the power that has the right to create them.

— THADDEUS STEVENS

LAW is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained.

— ASCRIBED TO AARON BURR

THE WAY OF THE TRANSLATOR

BY MAX NOMAD

WHEN an irate Jehovah visited upon mankind the confusion of tongues, the literary translator was born. For many centuries his was an honorable calling, reserved for the intellectual élite. Today it has reached its lowest ebb of incompetency, a troubling thought amid the general hopes for better international understanding.

The decline is apparently attributable to the harsh pressures of economics. Literary translation has rarely been a well paid profession. Today a person with the ability to juggle the idiom of two or more languages, if not an original worker in the lush pastures of literature, can do much better for himself in commercial fields. Consequently, the ancient trade without which the spread of culture and interchange of ideas throughout the world would have been impossible, in our time falls too often into the hands of the half-educated, the incompetent, and the fraudulent.

A translator is supposed to be well versed in at least two languages and able to render one correctly into the idiom of the other. This simple and

precise requirement seems sufficiently rigid to discourage and exclude both fools and fakers. However, it has failed lamentably to do so. A phony in the literary translation game can go on undiscovered for years; his victims are even less expert bilingually than he, and the notoriously docile average reader, finding himself baffled by a passage, will blame his own ignorance rather than suspect that the translator himself has been befuddled into incomprehensibility.

Most of the complaints against translators have come from Europe, including that eloquent grievance of an unidentified Viennese critic who divided the translators of English into German into three categories: those who knew English but not German; those who knew German but not English; and those unfamiliar with either tongue, but willing to try anything once.

Someone asked François Coppée, a famous French poet, whether he knew any foreign languages. "No," he said, "I am still engaged in studying French." Such humility, however, is too much to expect from these un-

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fortunate would-be intellectual workers who lack any special skill, except the knowledge of a few hundred words in some foreign tongue.

A sampling of the more notorious "bulls" in the gallery of translation will indicate the fascinating possibilities of a prolonged study of the subject. An illustrious instance is the scriptural saying that has been repeated millions of times since the first Latin translator fumbled its rendition from the original Greek: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

The idea of a camel going through the eye of a needle was incongruous and striking. There was, however, no reference to that animal in the Greek original of the Gospel, which merely spoke of the difficulty a *rope* would have in passing through the eye of a needle. The Greek equivalent of rope is *kamilos*. But it so happens that another Greek word, spelled *kamelos*, means camel. The man who translated the Gospel into Latin confounded the two words—and from the Latin translation his mistake has passed into all the other languages of the world, where it will remain to the end of time.

Something resembling the fate of that Biblical "camel" happened to the island of Rhodes at the hands of Karl Marx, because the father of modern socialism confused Rhodes with the word "rose." In a Greek fable, translated into Latin, a man was boasting of an incredibly long jump he had

made on the island of Rhodes, and mentioned witnesses who had seen him do it. He was put on the spot by a skeptic who said that no witnesses were necessary, adding, "*Hic Rhodus, hic saltat!*" meaning: "(Let us assume) here is Rhodes, jump here." Marx quoted this phrase in his famous pamphlet entitled *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, and elaborated it into his German version, "*Hier ist die Rose, hier tanzt!*" meaning "Here is the rose, dance here"—which is perfect nonsense. Yet for the last ninety years his "translation" has been steadily reproduced in millions of copies and scores of languages.

Only recently the inspired translator of an article in one of New York's Trotskyist papers, branded Communism as the "English sickness of Stalinism." This undoubtedly caused many an eager reader to wonder how England came into the matter. Actually, the original author of the article had not even mentioned England. It so happens that in Russian the term *angliyskaya bolezнь*—meaning literally "English disease"—stands for the disease called "rickets," and is sometimes used in the sense of weakness and deterioration in general. (The Germans, by the way, use the same term, *englische Krankheit*, which no doubt owes its origin to the frequency of rickets among the undernourished children of England's slums during the early period of industrialization.)

Ignorance of English idioms on the part of a French translator once dis-

torted the title of a famous British best-seller. The book was *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, by H. G. Wells, published during World War I. In French its title appeared as *Monsieur Britling Commence à Voir Clair*, meaning "Mr. Britling Begins to See Through It." A comparable "bull" was perpetrated by a Russian journalist in New York, who interpreted the title of Radclyffe Hall's famous *The Well of Loneliness* into *Vygody Odinochestva*, meaning "The Advantages of Loneliness."

II

The added difficulties encountered by a man who undertakes to convey the sense of a book written in the more or less remote past are quite obvious. For the meanings of words change in the course of time. The expression "operative manufacturer," for instance, used in England not longer ago than a hundred years, designated a factory worker.

And then there are the slangy or semi-slangy phrases current in the capital of every country which nearly a century ago made the younger Dumas remark that "one must not confound our Parisian language with French." That "Parisian language" was responsible for the many mistakes in the English version of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. As Ernest Boyd demonstrated, the otherwise reputable translator of this giant novel was unable to cope with a number of "Parisian" idioms, so that in many instances the English rendition was at

variance with what the author intended so say.

Slightly scandalous was the "free" translation published here of the plays of Jacinto Benavente, one of the most celebrated authors of modern Spain. The translator — we will be merciful and not mention his name — was in the position of the lady who, after having listened to a lecture by Professor Albert Einstein, admitted that she understood every word but not a single sentence. The translator, too, understood the meaning of the words, but could not comprehend their intent when strung together in sentences. Nevertheless, he continued to say things which Benavente never intended to say. To give a single instance: A woman in one of the plays explains: *Yo no le amaba, y a pesar de eso supe serle fiel*. ("I did not love him, but in spite of that I remained faithful to him.") In the hands of the translator this appears as "I never loved him, but in spite of it he insisted upon being faithful to me." The *Nation's* correspondent, who protested against such a desecration, cited at least a dozen other atrocities.

George Bernard Shaw achieved startling results because of his choice of "free" translators. Out of gratitude, he often gave the French and German rights to men who had been his champions when he was unknown on the Continent. While sympathetic to Shaw's ideas, they unfortunately had only the vaguest familiarity with the intricacies of the English language. Eventually, Shaw asked his German

translator for the privilege of re-translating his own plays into English. For the renditions had been so "free," that the German versions could well be classified as original works.

Shaw's sorrows could scarcely compare with the surprise the Jewish poet and novelist, Perez, would have experienced had he lived to see what happened to his *Bontzie Shweig*, one of the foremost classics of Yiddish literature. Many years ago, a New York German daily printed it as a "translation from the Dutch." It is literally impossible to tell through how many other languages the saga of the underdog from the Polish ghetto had gone before it reached Amsterdam and New York. But in the course of these peregrinations the Jewish hero of the story apparently was converted to Christianity, for the very first paragraph told about the wooden cross adorning his grave.

Many translators mistakenly assume that any synonym mentioned in a dictionary will serve their purpose. Thus, American readers of an article about Soviet foreign trade were shocked to see that the Bolshevik régime reported an increase in the export of Russian bowels. The item actually referred to the export of sausage casings. But unfortunately, the Russian language has only one word for both sausage casings and bowels.

This boner brings to mind another translator-made horror, combining the blasphemous with the miraculous. An English language bulletin pub-

lished in Moscow commended efforts to restore the valuable old icons which had accumulated the dust of ages in the ancient provincial churches. The bulletin told its readers that "the old icons have been purged."

The German language bulletins of the Moscow propaganda offices were often serviced by equally competent translators. In working over an article concerning the American organization known as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the German translator observed that the dictionary offered several equivalents for "colored." He unfortunately selected the word *gefaerbt* instead of *farbig*. As a result, the name of the organization was given as the *Nationale Vereinigung zur Foerderung der Gefaerbten Rasse* — The National Association for the Advancement of the Dyed Race!

Another imaginative interpreter described the "hand-suffocated goods" offered to American importers by a German firm during the Weimar régime. No murder of political opponents or other defenseless creatures was involved, for the Nazis were not yet at the helm. An ingenious linguistic sleuth eventually found a clue to the mystery. The German equivalent of "suffocate," is *sticken* (or *ersticken*). But it so happens that the same verb *sticken* also stands for something that has nothing to do with murder by strangulation or by any other means. It simply means "to embroider."

Similarity of languages belonging

to the same etymological group — such as the Romance, the Teutonic or Slavonic families — presents a particularly dangerous trap for the reckless polyglot translator. Certainly a knowledge of Italian enables one to learn Spanish quickly, just as familiarity with Polish or Russian will facilitate the study of Czech or Croatian. But trouble lurks for the daredevil who after three weeks of study feels himself competent to be a translator.

In the Slavonic languages, particularly, words with the same spelling and same origin often have different meanings. Thus, in Russian the word *pozor* means “shame,” in Polish “appearance,” while in Czech it stands for “attention.” Another instance is the word *urodny*, which is Polish for “beautiful,” but Czech for “fertile.” I leave to your imagination the possibilities involved in such delicate shadings!

III

Newspaper correspondents who adapt passages from the foreign press often make themselves ridiculous. *Genial* in French and German, and *genialni* in Russian, correspond to the English “highly gifted” or “endowed with genius.” But careless translators invariably render it in English by “genial.” Hence quotations from the Soviet press, published in American newspapers, sometimes refer to Stalin as “our genial Leader” — an epithet which sounds about as appropriate to the man of steel as would “dainty.”

And then there is the almost standardized error, made even by such newspapers as the *New York Times*, concerning the Latin term *numerus clausus*. These words stand for “closed number” and refer to the percentage restrictions in the admission of Jews to the universities of various Central European countries. Instead of translating or explaining the term, American papers have simply “Anglicized” it by writing “numerous clauses,” which is nonsensical.

Similarly mishandled are most references to the labor movement in the French, Italian and Spanish speaking countries. In these countries the words *syndicat*, *sindacato*, *sindacato* stand for labor union and nothing else. Yet in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the British or American newspaperman or translator will render this word in English by the term *syndicate*, which denotes a body usually opposed to the aims of labor unions. The word *syndicalisme*, which merely means “labor unionism,” is invariably translated as “syndicalism,” a term which in English denotes a revolutionary, near-anarchist theory. (A Frenchman, if he has in mind that specific theory, would say *syndicalisme revolutionnaire*.)

One error subsequently served as a weapon of political propaganda. Prussian Marshal Bluecher, visiting London after the Battle of Waterloo, saw enormous quantities of merchandise piled on the docks and exclaimed “*Was für Plunder!*” (How much junk!) A century later, during the first World War, his completely innocent

words were dug up and made to appear as a typical expression of the German greed for plunder.

An English "expert," during the period of the Soviets' so-called New Economic Policy (1921-1928) when private undertakings and foreign concessions were still tolerated, "translated" a book intended for British and American investors. Among other data, it contained provisions dealing with the protection of labor. "In case of accident," he wrote, "the worker may have recourse to the undertaker." What he actually wanted to convey was that in such cases the sufferer could claim indemnity from the sponsors of the enterprise.

And it must have been the same

man who, working for one of the English language publications of the Communist International, used the words "normal corpse" where the original spoke of an "ordinary mortal."

Thus fools rush in to a field of cultural activity where none but an expert should ever tread. Thus the ancient curse of confusion, pronounced on the skyscraper-mad builders of Babel, is aggravated and extended. Perhaps the governors of the brave new world around the corner should give heed to the dangers of international misunderstanding inherent in every translation. Perhaps the Esperanto clique and the "Basic" boys hold the only solution.

As the saying goes, *Quien sabe?*



Folk Wisdom —

WHEREVER there are three Germans, there are always four opinions.

— GERMAN PROVERB

WHEREVER Germans are, it is unhealthy for Italians.

— ITALIAN PROVERB

THE German may be a good fellow, but it is better to hang him.

— RUSSIAN PROVERB

UNIQUE VERMONT

By ROBERT W. MITCHELL

ONE of Vermont's Democratic leaders, Park H. Pollard, was once advised by Calvin Coolidge either to move to some other state or to change his party affiliation, if he were really politically ambitious. The advice of Coolidge was sound enough, as his own career illustrated, but it was ignored by Pollard, who is still a Democrat, still in Vermont — and who has never held state office.

In the field of political novelties, Vermont has a place all its own. It is the only state that has maintained steadfast loyalty to the Republican Party in both state and national elections since the party was organized, ninety years ago. In fact, even before that time, Vermont was well-known for its independence of political trends sweeping the other states. It was the only state in the Union that gave its electoral votes to William Wirt, the anti-Masonic candidate, when Andrew Jackson was re-elected President in 1832.

In 1936 it may have been a novel experience for Maine to be a member of a minority of two, but not for Ver-

mont, whose voters had not forgotten the election of 1912 when the state supported William Howard Taft. On that occasion Utah was the only other Taft state.

The closest Franklin D. Roosevelt ever came to victory in Vermont was in 1940 when he won a popular vote of 64,269, which was 14,102 short of Wendell Willkie's total and the narrowest margin on record for a Democratic candidate for President in Vermont.

Though no Democrat has held elective state office or won a seat in Congress from Vermont since the first Republican state convention was held in 1854, this consistent record has no great importance politically. The state hasn't enough votes to excite much interest from the national leadership of either party as far as campaigning is concerned. However, leaders of both parties are puzzled by the phenomenon of this one-party state and interested in it as a symbol. They want to know why it is Vermont rather than any other state that demonstrates this tenacity of affiliation —

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not only what there is about the state that makes it persistently Republican, but also what there is about the Vermont Republicans that keeps their state so uniquely loyal to them.

II

Vermont has no single distinguishing characteristic that sets it apart from other states as it is set apart in politics. There is no single obvious link between its politics and the nature of its people, its economics, or its geography. The reasons why Vermont has remained consistently Republican cannot be summed up neatly in a paragraph, as it is possible to sum up the basis for one-party control in the Solid South. Many elements are involved, any one of which might be common to other states, but it is the combination of elements that is unique.

Perhaps the most important reason is the fact that Vermont is dominated politically by the voters of non-industrial towns and cities. It has remained a state of small towns, and has only eight cities, the largest having a population of 27,686. It is an agricultural state and dairying is the leading farm occupation. As the leading dairy producer of New England, the state has needed and obtained tariff protection against milk imported from Canada. In earlier years the tariff helped Vermont wool and iron production, and was a big factor in building the marble industry.

New England is famous for its con-

servatism and Vermont epitomizes this characteristic to a high degree. The Republicans' sound money policy was always popular with the thrifty Yankee farmers. In regard to liquor, conservatism was carried to what some might consider an extreme. The state had prohibition from 1852 to 1903 and a local option liquor law from 1903 until national prohibition — evidence of an attitude more in line with Republican than with Democratic party policy.

Another important factor to be considered is an historical one. It was the intense anti-slavery feeling in Vermont that accounted for the strong start of the Republican Party, bringing under one party label a coalition of Whigs and anti-slavery or Free Soil Democrats.

Lawrence Brainerd of St. Albans, Vermont, a former Free Soil Democrat, called to order the first Republican national convention in Philadelphia, June 17, 1856. Brainerd had previously been one of the leaders in calling a convention of anti-slavery groups in 1854, which was Vermont's first Republican state convention. The candidate for governor who was nominated at this convention refused to accept the nomination and the new party endorsed the Whig candidate, Stephen Royce, who had won the 1854 election. Governor Royce was re-elected in 1855 on a ticket which was referred to as Republican by at least two Vermont newspapers and in 1856 the coalition officially adopted the Republican name.

This early Republican tendency in Vermont was solidified a few years later by Redfield Proctor, who became, consecutively, governor, United States senator and Secretary of War. Proctor strengthened the new party by building an organization around returned Civil War veterans. He was said to have had at least one of these veterans in every town in the state, and for a half century or more, the pro- or anti-Proctor tag was of key importance in Republican nominating conventions and primaries.

Once well established, the Republican Party's success has been cumulative. Vermonters like to serve in public office, and they know that the best way to be elected is on the Republican ticket.

Yet being in a Republican rut hasn't developed machine politics in Vermont. The party is under such loose control from the top that it is wide open for any newcomer who wants to go through the preliminaries and doesn't expect to be elected governor or congressman on the first try. You can run for any office in Vermont on the Republican ticket without permission from any individual or organization. The party has no boss, unofficial or otherwise.

Candidates who seek the Vermont governorship have been most successful in recent years with the advancement technique. The procedure starts with service in the Legislature, election to the speakership of the House and then serving as lieutenant governor. Vermont hasn't had a governor

for more than twenty years who didn't have legislative seasoning before reaching the top.

The Republican state committee has little power in Vermont. One reason is lack of control over patronage, and another is lack of control over candidates. A Vermont governor goes his own way, making appointments as he chooses without ever consulting the party chairman or any member of the state organization. The state committee does not allow this situation to prevail unopposed. Only this year State Chairman James F. Dewey called on the Governor and the state delegation in Congress to adopt a system of patronage consultation with the state committee. All four men stepped on the proposal decisively.

Vermont Democrats run their party in an altogether different way. All candidates for state office and Congress are carefully chosen by the organization leadership in advance of the primary. The Democratic primary has become a method of endorsing the nominees already chosen either by the Democratic state committee or by convention in the old style. The organization candidates are never opposed in the primary.

The Democratic Party is tightly controlled from the top by a group of five or six men. The same candidates run repeatedly in election after election and newcomers have difficulty breaking into this exclusive coterie of losers. As a result, some disgruntled young Democrats feel that the leader-

ship of their party is more interested in maintaining its control of the organization than it is in conducting a winning election campaign against the Republicans.

III

Vermont has reason to be satisfied with its continued Republican administrations, which are frequently more liberal than the party platforms would indicate. The Republicans promise little and do more, which is rather unorthodox in politics. The party seldom leads in espousing a liberal cause, but many Republican candidates use the party label and develop their own kind of program.

Controversial issues are often taken to the people. The referendum has repeatedly been used by the Vermont Legislature to settle troublesome questions and avoid responsibility. The Republican Party has unquestionably used it for political purposes to avoid too close identification with one side or the other of closely contested issues, but it has been good strategy. For example, the referendum was used in 1936 to decide whether the state would permit the Federal government to build a \$15,000,000 parkway through the state. The issue, which was decided in the negative, was the cause of the bitterest political fight in recent Vermont history, yet neither of the two men who won the governorship during that period took any public stand on the question.

The short, two-year tenure in office

for Vermont governors has been a major factor in the relatively high quality of Vermont Republican politics. No governor has remained in office more than four years since 1809. The honor is passed around and no individual ever obtains a strong enough grip on the state as a popular leader to upset the tradition. Vermonters have no fear of a one-man monopoly in their state government. Unless a governor is running for re-nomination for his second term, there is usually keen competition in the Republican primary. Local contests in the primary also help to stimulate interest and a division within the party, which has a healthy effect in the absence of more serious competition from the Democrats.

The standard of ability for men who hold public office in Vermont may often leave much to be desired, but their record for honesty is far above the average in politics, and this clean record is an outstanding reason why the voters have not felt impelled to change to another party. Most states have had political scandals which discredit the party in power and result in waves of reform that sweep the minority party into office, but scandal and graft have never been a problem to the Vermont Republicans.

The late William Allen White, who used to visit in Vermont at the home of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the novelist, refused at first to believe that there was no corruption in a party so long in power. He admitted later,

however, after a study of conditions in Vermont, that the state was so small and everyone seemed to know so much about his neighbor's business that graft was practically impossible.

There is no reason to suppose that because Vermont is for all practical purposes a one-party state its residents have no interest in political affairs. The Republicans have not stayed in power because of apathy on the part of the voters. Under the town system of government, with the old annual town meetings, and with a 276-member Legislature including a representative from each town, Vermont has a large number of public offices for a small state. This helps to stimulate

voting, particularly since in the small communities of which Vermont is primarily composed the voters know most of the candidates personally.

Not only is there a high degree of interest in voting in Vermont; there is also a remarkable lack of restriction upon the privilege. In 1940 Vermont had 191,273 registered voters, of whom 143,000 voted in the general election, from a population of 359,000. It makes an interesting comparison with Georgia, for example, one of the one-party states of the Solid South, which has a population of 3,123,723 and cast only 311,556 votes in 1940. In this respect Vermont may well be proud to be called unique.



WALT WHITMAN CONTEMPLATES HIS BIOGRAPHERS

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

YOUR learned books are so full
Of vast thoughts borne by words both long and involuting,
And you trace influences upon me and by me,
Quoting mystic tomes and volumes
That teem with intricate relationships and developments.

I read your careful judgments,
Well considered views, mannerly opinions, and satisfied conclusions.

O, you weighers of other men's souls,
You gentlemanly umpires of God's high spirits!
How can the careful judge the momentarily carefree?
How can the calm speak of the deep, inner turbulence?
How can the decorous approach those blessed with nature's frenzy?

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE CRITICS

BY ARTHUR L. MAYER

MOTION picture criticism, like some other national evils, first manifested itself in Chicago — and on the *Tribune*. Mr. Jack Lawson's column made its initial appearance in 1914. After a few unfavorable reviews he was injured in a mysterious accident. No picture producer or exhibitor, however, was held responsible. He was succeeded by a deceptively attractive tigress, Miss Kitty Kelly. Not to be outdone, the Chicago *Herald* appointed Miss Louella Parsons, who has remained to this day one of the most potent picture commentators. I was operating theatres in Illinois shortly thereafter and can personally testify to the devastating influence exercised on our box-office grosses by these refined young ladies.

Strangely enough, with the growth of the critical fraternity, now numbering over 1400, their power has declined. My first intimation of the divergence between popular and critical standards occurred in 1921 when I was working for that colossus of contradictions, Mr. Sam Goldwyn. In a moment of consecration to the

æsthetic aspects of the cinema, he had imported a macabre masterpiece, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. My assignment was to persuade exhibitors to book this experimental picture sight unseen — a movie practice only recently abandoned under governmental pressure. It required several years for the Goldwyn Company to settle the lawsuits with theatre owners who ascertained too late that a strangely obtuse public failed to appreciate modern art properly.

Not that the average movie critic has much commerce with the æsthetic. The vast majority of the pictures which he sees have no more relationship to art than hamburger has to cow. As owner of the Rialto Theatre in New York City, it has been my responsibility to be acquainted with every bad picture released. A run-of-the-mill feature contains nine reels, approximately ten minutes each. Of these, I screen at random two, or at most, three. This is all that any man with average intelligence requires to determine the average picture's deficiencies. Pity the poor critic who,

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shackled by the mores of his craft, must see some 400 complete pictures annually, digest for his readers their indigestible plots and, before either he or his paper is put to bed, render in convincing prose his verdict of their performances, production and popular appeal.

Over a period of many years the receipts of the Rialto have apparently risen in direct proportion to the intensity of critical disapprobation. Discounting this as an inexplicable phenomenon of nature, I can discern no correlation between critical approval and box-office success. Fine pictures occasionally do a fine business (witness *It Happened One Night*) but such instances are neither in response to, nor in spite of, reviews. Rather they exist because the public, with uncanny instinct, senses and appreciates their merits. So I can only conclude that critics fail dismally as interpreters of what the public wants or likes.

In 1939, for instance, the New York Motion Picture Critics' Circle selected *Wuthering Heights* as the best picture of the year. The *Showman's Trade Review*, which annually conducts a questionnaire among exhibitors, reported *Jesse James* the public favorite. In 1940, the critics chose *Grapes of Wrath*, the movie fans, *Gone with the Wind*. In 1941, the critics voted for *Citizen Kane*. The picture-going public selected *Men of Boys Town*. In 1942, *In Which We Serve* won first place with the critics, *Mrs. Miniver* with the patrons. In 1943, the critics' award went to *Watch On the Rhine*, the box-offices'

to *This Is The Army*. In all five years not one of the critics' selections, except *Grapes of Wrath*, ranked among the top twenty-five public favorites.

The runner-up for critical acclaim in 1943 was *Ox-Bow Incident*. A few of the notices, selected at random, were, "One of the outstanding pictures of any year," "Masterly direction . . . an unforgettable picture," "Expertly written, acted and directed . . . all-around excellence of production." Yet until a few months ago, 20th Century-Fox had not recovered its original investment in the picture.

II

Condemnation is apparently no more effective than praise. The New York critics had no kind words for Warner's *King's Row*, pronouncing it "one of the bulkiest blunders to come out of Hollywood in some time"; "unfit for the screen"; "full of blood and blunder"; "a singularly depressing film." However, the picture broke box-office records in New York as well as throughout the country.

When *White Zombie* played at the Rivoli, Mr. Richard Watts expressed the unanimous opinion of his confrères when he termed it "clumsily wrought and unhappily acted." Nonetheless, so many people dashed to see it that the theatre rushed into print with an advertisement quoting all the reviews underneath a caption reading "When the critics' noses went up, the box-office receipts went up as well."

If picture fans actually read reviews,

they run the risk of being hopelessly confused by frequent divergence in critical opinion, arising from the lack of established standards. When *Since You Went Away*, the new Selznick three-hour opus, opened in New York, the *News* gave it four stars and lauded it as "heart-warming, tender, sensitive and tragic. Superbly acted." The *Mirror*, however, asserted, "It's raw as a pussy cat's meow. It's maudlin. It's verbose. Claudette Colbert was given mealy mouthings. Lionel Barrymore was given nothing." Any prospective patron who could decide whether or not to see the picture after reading those reviews must have been psychic.

Yet in spite of these mixed notices, in eight weeks the film grossed approximately \$670,000, breaking all previous records for the Capitol Theatre. *Dragon Seed*, which opened almost simultaneously at the Music Hall to equally mixed notices, played in eight weeks to 1,150,710 patrons, the highest number in the theatre's history.

III

Why this state of affairs? Why is the movie critic less influential than the drama critic? Or does the motion-picture-going public not read reviews at all? Why is the critic so often mistaken in calling the turn on financially successful pictures? Why are his choices so apt to be "arty"—and out of tune with the public? The answer to these queries will, of course, vary for different theatres and different locales, but in justice to the movie critic, I can say

that the very nature of his work subjects him to more handicaps than Job had boils!

Most picture audiences are by their nature less addicted than drama audiences to the written word. To meet this predicament, some genius invented the system of predigested reviews. Various symbols — stars, bells, clocks, orchids — were created to convey the substance of the reviews without burdening prospective patrons with the efforts of reading. Four stars boomed *Boom Town* to colossal receipts, but several years ago no stars at all created an equal rush to see the film version of Faulkner's *Sanctuary*. The Paramount was packed by normal folk (not jitterbugs in those happy bygone days) to see if any picture *could* be so bad.

Not only do the critics see and write about too many pictures; but they are also frequently hamstrung by the ambitions or inhibitions of advertising departments and occasionally by the political and economic tenets of their bosses. When *Mission to Moscow* was released, it was greeted by a favorable review in Mr. Hearst's *Mirror*. The editors were as stunned as the public. It took them a few days to recover their equanimity — after which they leveled a devastating attack on the picture. Mr. Archer Winsten of the strongly anti-isolationist New York *Post*, wrote an uncomplimentary notice of Zanuck's *Wilson*. This was heresy. Two days later, Mr. Winsten, according to his own words, had "to eat crow." Mr. Howard Rushmore, the *Daily Worker* critic, was enthusi-

astic over *Gone with the Wind*, which, in its treatment of the Negro problem, deviated sharply from the party line. He was ordered to rewrite, subordinating his artistic to his ideological credos. To his credit, he resigned both from the newspaper and the party. Even the staid New York *Times* has been known to change its mind. A hostile notice on Mr. Goldwyn's *They Shall Have Music*, which starred Jascha Heifetz, was replaced by a laudatory one after Mr. Goldwyn had paid a reputedly acrimonious visit to the front office. The industry kidded, "Heifetz fiddled while Goldwyn burned."

The critics are likewise assaulted by Hollywood, bearing every form of blarney and blandishment. The ladies in particular have had to develop defences in depth to frustrate the assault of predatory picture wolves. Warding off personable and romantic lads, prepared to do or die for old Columbia or New Universal, has added fresh perplexities to the critics' already difficult jobs.

Occasionally these conniving commandos went too far — even for broad Hollywood standards, and the apparently successful campaigns they waged would go sour on them. On the morning after a première, they would awake to disparaging comments (on their pictures). Mae Tinee, of the Chicago *Tribune*, was so assiduously besieged by a Paramount press agent for *The Covered Wagon* that she retaliated with a poor notice. On the other hand, the New York *News* critic was persuaded by some plausible United Art-

ists gentry to raise her review of *Les Misérables* from 3 ½ stars to 4. This change was predicated upon specified alterations in the continuity, which were never made.

Able critics cannot always withstand the onslaughts of their traditional enemy, the press agent. For months prior to the release of a picture, sometimes even for years, the publicity men of Hollywood labor and intrigue to build up so overwhelming an advance interest in fabulous enterprises like *Gone with the Wind* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that pestilence, plague or the press are powerless to interfere with their commercial success. The selection of the leading players is promoted into a matter of national concern. Stories of every degree of taste and truthfulness flood the gossip columns, the radio and the fan magazines. It was prearranged that at the world première of *Stella Dallas*, Barbara Stanwyck, the star, be arrested by a supposedly dumb studio cop for hanging on to the coat-tails of her newly acquired husband, Robert Taylor. *Tomorrow the World* is about to be released, so the producer announces that he has changed the name to *The Intruder*. Strangely enough, protests arise all over the country, and at the request of 5,224 showmen, he consents to retain the original title of the play.

A few weeks before pictures are released, the advertising department rushes reinforcements to the support of its press agents. An expenditure of \$300,000 for a picture that has cost a

few million may not always prove an insurance policy, but it helps. After an intensive publicity barrage, the outlay culminates with layouts of imposing ads designed to whet the appetites of millions of fans who are not critic-conscious. In addition, the paper shortage has recently emphasized the potentialities inherent in radio to tap a non-reading clientele which listens while it cooks, cleans, eats and pets.

IV

Above the assault of critics and no longer requiring the ministrations of the press agents who created them, are the stars. On Broadway even a Katharine Cornell or a Helen Hayes can scarcely hope for a season's run without the help of the dramatic editors. But all over the country, hordes of fans tumultuously welcome the latest Betty Grable or Gary Cooper attraction. Plot, direction, acting, dialogue, lighting, or camera work may be below par, yet the gross may be above it. By a strange process of self-identification, millions of men and women of all ages and all classes, find in the screen adventures of their favorites, the exciting, glamorous life which modern civilization has denied them.

Without this fanatical enthusiasm of the multitudes for stars or stories, no picture can be a success. But when good "word of mouth" greets a production backed by an advertising campaign of a million dollars and favored with overwhelming critical kudos, a hit such as *Wilson* appears to be in the

making. Or sometimes a studio underestimates its own progeny. Such was the case with *Going My Way*, which, without preliminary fanfare, proved a "sleeper" of amazing proportions, and will probably go its way to a gross of \$8,000,000. Once in a blue moon we have a happy combination of every favorable element — a grand slam! Then, when press-agent wizardry, studs of stars, audience appeal and critical raves, all blend in stratospherical harmony, the greatest of all box-office attractions, a *Gone With the Wind*, is born.

In such successes the critics' share, though secondary, need not be negligible. If they still reach few and influence fewer of the vast movie audience, it is because many of them have not yet made up their minds what their function is or should be. Some judge pictures as though they were pieces of merchandise. Their reviews consist of tabloid descriptions of what the customer may expect to find if he visits a particular cinema emporium. They do not make inspiring reading, but they are all that many a film deserves and more creditable than smart-alec denunciations. Others, confusing form with content, prefer films which are fantastic, a little mad and made years ago in Germany. The *New York Post*, for instance, gave its highest clock rating to a pseudo-artistic abortion called *Robber Symphony*. Still others, disciples of Pudovkin and Eisenstein, can only find perfection in Soviet films. Occasionally, however, more red than rational, they applaud misadventures

in movie-making like *Mission to Moscow*, which would have horrified the masters. Others respond to subject matter and a viewpoint so foreign to the average audience that they cannot possibly meet with public acceptance. In importing the French picture *Eternal Mask*, I lost two essential reels, but none of the laudatory critics seemed to miss them. Finally, there are those who frankly do not care for movies and wait hopefully to be promoted to the drama department.

I am not trying to be smart when I say that most of our big-town critics are too bright. To be fair to them, they are like artists looking at a horse, judging the beauty of leg or haunch, or prospective purchasers assaying the animal's strength and power to pull a heavy load. The public, on the other hand, like a gambler, has only one interest — will the horse win the race? It is a difference in point of view — the critic is looking for one thing, the public for another. If the critic has failed, he has done so because he has not adequately identified himself with the masses to whom the movies are a vital factor in their daily living and day-dreaming.

American motion pictures are produced for the joy of honest, unpreten-

tious people who love melodramas and melody, laughter and legs. Too many critics, for too long a time, have contented themselves with dismissing these popular tastes and the films which reflect them, as vulgar and worthless, and have attempted to impose upon them standards of threadbare cultures or middle-class gentility. Yet our national optimism, sentimentality and broad humor are the very things that have made our pictures virile and vital, beloved not only at home, but also all over the world.

Geniuses like Chaplin, Disney and W. C. Fields, were known and adored by the public long before they were discovered by the intelligentsia. Reviewers may be impressed by the artistic pretensions of a *Good Earth* or the photographic virtuosity of a *Citizen Kane*. But picture fans instinctively know that a *Road to Zanzibar* or a *Lady Eve* are far closer to a film classic. To the extent that the picture critic has faith in this underlying stream of human joy and understanding, and looks to the screen, not as an aping of ancient arts, but as a racy, vivid reflection of our own America, he will wield an increased and beneficial influence on the production and popularity of motion pictures.



Myopia —

THE folly of mistaking a paradox for a discovery, a metaphor for a proof, a torrent of verbiage for a spring of capital truths, and oneself for an oracle is inborn in us.

— PAUL VALÉRY

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

Winter Ways

THE forepart of the month of March, at least in the north of the country, is perhaps the most furious and formidable part of the winter, displaying, as with the effective exaggeration of a symbol, winter's mood of screaming wind, smothering snow, tree-sheathing sleet. Here is the sum of the mood of winter: the cold, the whiteness, the withdrawnness or arrest, as it seems, of all the elements of warmth and livingness and natural activity, in a world sullen with a planetary chill that has no hospitality in it for living protoplasm. In summer, the thing called life seems a major and strongholded phenomenon of our star. But in the winter a man looks out from his window into a world taken over by the deadly and impersonal wind, the lifeless and life-hostile frost, and it is easy to think that the thing called life exists at all only by a precarious sufferance, and that it has been reduced, now, almost to a final vanquishing, in the face of forces that have no kinship with warm bloods and pulsing hearts but only with an icy and oblivious Energy which shall override and obliterate life's little antical parade as surely and as obviously as wind and water obliterate a flickering flame.

Or so it seems, on a day when the casual eye sees no living thing in all the white and bitter landscape, and the gale runs screaming and killing. But we know that in a few weeks there will be robins feeding, on lawns grown green. There will be a buzz and a drone, in the good April sun, and flies struggling at the window-pane, eager and life-strong. The marsh now is a tomb of ice; but not quite a tomb, for presently there will be a peeping and croaking and trilling of natural resurrection. These black and brittle twigs will be all greened and supple, thrusting their leaves toward the life-investing sun, shouting the fact of birth in a burst of flowers as an infant shouts it in a cry. There will be creeping caterpillars, singing birds, foraging woodchucks, a glinting and darting of fish in the creek, a gliding and whipping of blacksnakes through the meadow-grass. Life will be back. It is not dead, or even nearly so, however things may look now when the earth-scene is as cold and white and spare as a skeleton. Life has not been vanquished. It has only gone to sleep, or disappeared, or slipped into suspension, or hidden in a hollow tree, or curled up invisible and immobile in a withered oak-leaf.

Life is simply engaging, now, in the multifarious kinds of artifices and escapes and tricks and seasonal devices which are its adaptations to the winter. No one sees a wasp now, but the wasps have their way of wintering the species, as natural to them — and as vital — as their summer gifts of making paper and daubing mud. When autumn comes, the secret blood of frogs is appropriately instructed. A newt is as winter-wise as summer-wise. In winter, no less than in any other time, the economy of nature is concerned to safeguard the working of all its parts. The wind howls out of the north, the body of the earth is bitterly cold and dry as bone. But now as ever it continues true — to use an ancient idiom that is true in its poetry however primitive its personification — that nature looks after her own.

II

The beasts and birds and insects and reptiles have four main modes of winter-adaptation. (This excepts those hardy ones that scarcely change their way at all, but only lay up autumn fat, broaden their forage-range and their resourcefulness, acquire thickened coats and special winter lores, and survive the winter, as it were, by an encouraged defiance. The varying hares and weasels turn white, to match the snow, and battle it out. The fox wraps his brush across his nose-tip and sleeps like a sledge-dog under the winter sky. The winter resident birds, their temperatures higher, huddle and

hunch on their roosting-twigs, pressing their winter-feathered bodies protectingly upon their naked legs, and ride out the gale.) Some creatures deal with the winter by fleeing from it to warmer climates, in the spectacular ritual of migration. Some deal with the winter by the technique of oblivion, subsiding, when the first frosts come, into the deep, death-like sleep of hibernation. In a lesser variant of the great migratory process, innumerable creatures respond to the coming of winter by simply traveling downward: down to the body of the parent earth, and into it. The love of light, the phototropism which in the warm months urges insects upward toward the sky and the sun, is supplanted in autumn by a revulsion against light, a negative phototropism which sends them seeking dark places, and thus, unconsciously, protection. Finally, many kinds of insects respond to the coming of winter by a tribal sexual division. The end of autumn is the end of the life-cycle for the males. They die; and the strength of the species is carried over the winter by the surviving females, ready to lay their fertilized eggs as soon as the spring warmth shall come. That is what happens in the case of the house-flies. Only queen bumblebees live over the winter, and only the queens of the paper-making wasps.

Last fall four forces variously operated on various mammals to send them into the first drowse of the deep sleep they are sleeping now. Some felt the life-force stalling in them only when

the cold came. Such were skunks, for instance, which continued to prowl and forage until the frost numbed their blood, and which even in mid-winter may rouse on a sunny day and go briefly hunting until the cold lulls them into oblivion again. Others, like ground squirrels, obeyed racial habit however clement the weather; they may have lapsed into their annual "little death" while the sun was still warm on their furry backs. For some of the beasts the shortening days, the longer darkness, were the decisive factors. Some — so zoologists think — were brought to sleep by a curious and subtle factor: the autumnal earth-

scene's deepening silence. From whatever causes, or combination, there fell upon chipmunks and bats and bears and woodchucks a great stillness. Body temperatures fell thirty, forty, fifty degrees. Breathing slowed to scarcely more than a dozen breaths an hour. Under the frostline, in the meadow, the woodchucks now lie between livingness and death. In a crevice of the old stone wall, the chipmunk lies curled in a ball, foetal, stertorous, with a store of acorns and hickory and hazel nuts for when he wakes. In the silent icy darkness of a hidden cave, the female bat hangs head downward, unknowing, unstirring, with folded



Rabbit in Winter

Frank Utpatel

wings. In her cold body there lies stored, immobile and undeveloping until spring, the bat-semen lodged there when she mated in the fall.

The birds of summer are gone to many places. The bobolinks that were merry in the wheatfield have fled very far from the winter . . . have fled down the Andes, and across the Amazon, and to the steaming marshlands of Paraguay. Nighthawks from as far north as the Yukon have gone as far to the south as Argentina. The ruby-throated hummingbirds have negotiated a crossing of the Gulf of Mexico. Those are the great migrations, the spectacular ones. There have been a thousand less vast and startling travelings away from winter: migrations just downward, down from the accustomed upperworld, into the sheltering earth. By the cool days of last September, toads had developed in their lumpy bodies accumulations of nutrient fats; and each toad was presently moved to scratch and scrape a burrow somewhere in the sandy soil, and creep into it, and lie with arched back and indrawn legs and grow motionless and unknowing. Under the soft, cold-insulated mud of the creek bottom, the fat frog lies still. The rush and roar of winter cannot touch that crinkled green body, waiting, suspended, hushed in withdrawn arrest. The snail lies tunneled under the moss and leaves. It has spun a mucid storm-door across the opening of its shell. Harbored safe in the body of the earth, blanketed by snows that by their dense but porous constitution

keep the earth's surface as much as thirty degrees warmer than the outer air, lie hidden migrants innumerable: turtles, as deep as two feet below the surface; snakes, twined together in communal knots in the deep fissures beneath the rocks; spiders, lying in burrows underneath the leaf-mold, their eight-legged bodies self-swathed in protective blanketings of silk; crayfish that have backed into mud-burrows in the brook-bed during the bitterest weather, and stoppered the entrances after them. By millions earth's creatures have in fact come home to earth.

Insects may winter at any stage of their lives: as eggs, as larvae, as pupae, as adults. The "woolly bear" caterpillar of the Isabella tiger moth — that fuzzy black and brown caterpillar whose variant patternings are the countryman's honored autumn prognosticator of how long the coming winter is to be — passes the winter in the caterpillar stage. The common moths, like cecropia and promethea and polyphemus, winter as pupae in tough cocoons. The tribe of tent-worms may be represented mostly by over-wintering eggs. It is not often that moths and butterflies hibernate in the stage of maturity (though some, notably monarchs or milkweed butterflies, may survive the winter adultly by means of long migrations almost like the birds').

But there is one kind of butterfly that does hibernate in its condition of full, fragile-winged maturity. These are the angle-wings, the best known of

which is *Vanessa antiopa*, the mourning cloak. With its purple-black wings folded at rest over its numb body, the mourning cloak sleeps away the winter hidden in a bark-crevice, under a sheltering leaf, in any cranny it can find. Its sleep is not a fast and total sleep. It may rouse on almost any day when the sun is bright, even in bitterest midwinter, and take brief fluttering

flight through the snow-white and frost-still woods. There is hardly a more poignant thing that a man can see outdoors. There is hardly a more perfect sign and symbol that even now, in this furious season, life is not in fact defeated. Life has only adapted itself, withdrawn, grown still, grown secret. It is still there . . . secret but just as strong as a seed.



Government—

Good government consists in winning the loyalty of the people nearby and attracting the people far away.

For everyone called to the government of nations and empires there are nine cardinal directions to be attended to:

1. Cultivating his personal conduct.
2. Honoring worthy men.
3. Cherishing affection for, and doing his duty toward, his kindred.
4. Showing respect to the high ministers of state.
5. Identifying himself with the interests and welfare of the whole body of public officers.
6. Showing himself as a father to the common people.
7. Encouraging the introduction of all useful arts.
8. Showing tenderness to strangers from far countries.
9. Taking interest in the welfare of the princes of the Empire.

— CONFUCIUS

ANNE ROYALL: FIRST CAREER WOMAN

By W. E. WOODWARD

ANNE ROYALL is one of those whom Time forgets. Historians neglect her, even when they write especially of that period of American history in which she was a well-known, though disturbing figure. If an Inquiring Reporter, sent out by his editor to check the knowledge of the public, should walk — note-book in hand — along a street in any American city or town and ask the people he met to tell him what they thought of Anne Royall, the chances are that he would not find one person who had even heard of her.

But if the inquirer could go back to the 1830's, in the time of Andrew Jackson, and ask those whom he met to state their opinion of the lady he would get an earful, both pro and con. This remarkable woman's public career did not begin until she was fifty-four. At an age when most people have accomplished about everything they can do, and are getting ready to relax and take things easy for the rest of their lives, Anne Royall started to perk up and begin a lively career. Until then nobody had ever heard of her except her neighbors, and they con-

sidered her just an ordinary respectable woman, quiet in manner and somewhat colorless.

Then she began to travel all over the country and write a series of books in which she recorded her impressions of places and people. Her books sold well and were widely read, but nobody read them placidly. She had an unequalled capacity for arousing anger and other emotions in a reading public that was bored by the prim and reticent literature of the period. It was as stale as yesterday's omelet, while Anne's books quivered with life and were spiced with pepper.

Anne's father was an illegitimate scion of the Calvert family of Maryland, and he was related, therefore, in a left-handed way, to Lord Baltimore, founder of the colony. He did not call himself Calvert but took the name of Newport, probably because his noble kinsmen forbade him to use their name. But he lived near them, and it appears that the Calverts gave him a small annuity. You may picture him correctly as a poor, back-door

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cousin, silent, browbeaten and resentful. He married a farmer's daughter, and their daughter, Anne, was born in 1769. They had no other children and Anne Newport never knew any of her relatives except her parents.

When the bubbling pre-Revolutionary quarrel between the Colonies and their mother England began to rise to a fiery heat, and everybody had to take one side or the other, Anne's father became a Tory, like all his wealthy relatives. It was an unfortunate choice. He found himself ostracized by his neighbors, and the Calvert's bounty ceased, for they had sailed for England. He decided to move himself and his family to western Pennsylvania, which was at that time a raw, sparsely settled land inhabited by hard-muscled pioneers and bands of Indians.

His home was a log cabin that stood in a clearing surrounded by an ancient, shadowy forest. Anne's girlhood was one of toil and hardship, but she bore her privations without rebellion, as she knew nothing of life except that of the frontier, and she thought everybody lived in the same fashion as herself. Her education along primitive lines was rather thorough. Of course, she was taught to cook a meal, but her training in practical matters went much farther. She could plow a field for planting, skin a deer, milk a cow, shoot rabbits, mend shoes and make garments.

But she was not taught to read or write. Her father had some education and why he did not instruct his daughter

is anybody's guess. She was brought up without any knowledge whatsoever of history, geography or arithmetic, or of anything else that is learned from books. At eighteen, Anne Newport was as illiterate as an Indian squaw.

Papa Newport died when she was in her teens, and soon thereafter his widow and her daughter moved to Virginia. They were as poor as the proverbial church mice, so they had to find something to do, and at once. The big man of that corner of Virginia was Captain William Royall, who owned an estate of thousands of acres. Anne became a maidservant in his house.

II

Captain Royall had served in the Revolutionary War and was a personal friend of George Washington. They were members of the same Masonic lodge.

The Captain passed most of his time with his nose buried in books. He was a prodigious reader, and his library was said to be the largest in Virginia. One day he discovered that the comely blue-eyed maid who was dusting the bookshelves could not read and hardly knew A from Z. That was disconcerting, to say the least, for book learning was the Captain's religion, and the presence of a blankly illiterate member in his own household made him feel like a priest who suddenly discovers that one of his favorite white-robed altar boys is an atheist.

The circumstances called urgently for the instruction of Anne in the mysteries of the printed page, and Captain Royall applied himself to the task. He was astonished at her quick intelligence. She learned swiftly and showed a desire for knowledge that was nothing less than greedy. The Captain was greatly pleased, and he made out lists of books which he advised her to read. He was a deist, an ardent believer in the views on religion expressed by Voltaire and Tom Paine. He taught Anne their ideas and got her to read their books.

It seems, at this distance in time, that he was a little cracked on the subject of Freemasonry. He was convinced that the Masonic order upheld civilization, that its members were the élite of the human race, and that the downfall of Masonry, if it should ever occur, would plunge the world into barbarism. He would have proposed Anne Royall for membership in the order if women had been permitted to join, but even so he instructed her in Masonic history and she became a believer in the cult and its mission.

During her youth Anne's personal appearance was pleasing, according to those who knew her. We must take their word for it; no picture of Anne exists today. She was a small, slender young woman with dark hair and fine blue eyes. Her mouth was pretty and when she smiled she showed beautiful white teeth. Pleasant and good-humored, she laughed a lot.

The years went by, and Anne —

still a servant — was nearing her twenty-eighth birthday when a surprising event occurred. She was working in a field one day when she heard a horseman approaching at a gallop. He reined his steed as he reached her, and she recognized him as one of the Captain's men. He said he had been looking everywhere for her. Anne wanted to know why.

"You're to come to the house right now," said the messenger. "Captain Royall wants you."

"But why? What has happened?"

"He wants to marry you, so don't keep him waiting," the man replied breathlessly, flicking at his horse's mane with his riding whip. "The minister is up at the house now, so come along."

Anne was astonished, for Captain Royall had never even hinted — in his long, instructive talks with her — that he had matrimony in mind. But she was pleased as well as astounded. It seemed unbelievable. She hurried to the house, and found that it was really true. Within an hour she became Mrs. William Royall. Her marriage took place in November 1797. Her husband was old enough to have been her father.

The effect of this sudden, impromptu wedding on the Captain's relatives — who had expected to inherit his estate — may be readily imagined. They saw their expectations shrivel to nothing and, to make the whole thing even more intolerable, their respected relative had actually married a mere young serving maid.

Captain Royall died in 1813, and he was hardly buried before his relatives began a lawsuit to have his will set aside and declared invalid. The Captain had bequeathed almost the whole of his estate to his wife. The court took control of the property at once, to hold it until the lawsuit was decided one way or another. Anne was thus deprived of her home, but the court ordered the executors of the will to pay her a regular allowance while the case was pending.

Her late husband's relatives took pains, with insidious cunning, to have scandalous stories circulated about her. These malicious yarns were intended to convey the impression that her tastes were low, that she was tricky and dishonest, and they embodied hints — without names or dates — that she entertained lovers secretly. All this had its effect on those who were to consider the case in court.

After engaging a capable lawyer to look after her interests Anne departed for Alabama in her best coach, attended by three servants. In that era Alabama was considered an ideal state in the matter of climate and pleasant living. People talked about it a lot, and never failed to mention their trips to that lovely region. Anne Royall had long desired to go there just to see the country, and now, since the social atmosphere of Virginia had become so frigid, she decided to take herself to the Southern state.

She rented a house near Huntsville but did not remain there more than a few months a year. She visited New

Orleans, Charleston, Savannah and other Southern cities several times and made acquaintances in all of them. When she went to the South, Anne counted on being back in Virginia within six months, but one thing and another kept her away until 1823, when the decision of the Virginia court was handed down. The judgment of the court was in favor of Captain Royall's blood relatives — and against his widow — on all points at issue. Anne Royall was left without a dollar from the estate.

The blow was hard to bear. For years she had been confident that the decision would be in her favor. She was aware of the righteousness of her own cause and of her own conduct, and she had a profound conviction that the judges and everybody else would be, in the end, on the side of truth and justice.

In that hard year of 1823 her character and mental processes began to change. She became in time, and by slow degrees, completely disillusioned in respect to the professed goodness and generosity of men and women in general. She was no longer the cheerful, smiling matron, but a doubter and cynic with sharp insight into human motives. In the welter of greed and trickery which pervaded civilization, only the brothers of the Masonic order remained pure and wholesome, to her way of thinking. For years to come she was destined to be the curse and terror of hypocrites. John Quincy Adams aptly characterized her "a virago errant in enchanted armor."

Her silvery, good-natured laughter changed into sneers and her good humor was replaced by a fiery brand of criticism. She grew stout, squat and dumpy in figure. Her hair became a gray and disorderly mop, her skin was rough and her voice was harsh and high-pitched.

III

Captain Royall, during his lifetime, had been entitled to a pension in consideration of his services as an officer in the War for Independence, but he had never applied for it. His widow, in view of her own destitution, decided to go to Washington and invoke the authorities to grant her a pension under the law covering such cases. She set out from Alabama — not in a coach, but on a horse, and alone — with hardly enough money in her purse to cover the cost of three days' lodging, yet she knew very well that she could not reach Washington in less than two weeks.

In every community through which she passed she sought the leading Masons and introduced herself. When she told them of her mission and of her lack of money they provided for her food and lodging and sent her along with a few dollars in her purse.

When she arrived in Washington, she had more money in her purse than she had when she left Alabama. The Masons whom she met on her northward trip not only provided for her current needs but also gave her a little cash to carry. She had thought that

there would be no difficulty over her application for a widow's pension, but she was mistaken. Obstacles arose, one after another. She had to prove this and that, and to furnish all sorts of information which she did not happen to have at hand.

She lived very poorly indeed on the quarters and dimes that she had begged from her acquaintances. Then, when it seemed that the almshouse would have to be the final solution of poor Anne's troubles, some of her Masonic friends had a bright idea. While she was living in Alabama she had written numerous letters to her lawyer and he had passed them around for others to read. Their literary quality was so good that some of those who read them copied paragraphs to show to other people. The letters contained lively pen portraits of persons and places. Anne's friends, realizing her latent ability, suggested that she make a tour of the whole country and write what she saw and heard, and describe the people she met. Her sketches could then be made into a book. They agreed to raise a fund for her expenses until her work became profitable.

IV

During the next eight years Anne Royall visited almost every place of importance in the United States and wrote ten volumes. Her first book was called *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, by a Traveller* — an impressive title.

Those who bought the book — and it had a fairly large sale — expected to find it a volume of pleasing sketches. Many readers were indignant when they saw what the book contained. The author gave the names of prominent men who were drunkards, described the appearance of ladies of high social position who looked like scarecrows and had the manners of washerwomen, and on one occasion she listened at the keyhole of a room where a clergyman and his innamorata thought they were hidden from seeing eyes and listening ears.

One would think, after reading the book, that she would have been sued for libel in a dozen places, but no such suit was brought into court. Why not? Well, the reason is that Anne wrote the truth and nothing but the truth, and any suit for libel would have fallen flat.

"Philadelphia," Anne wrote, "is a den of British Tories, domestic traitors, missionaries and Sunday Schoolism." The University of Pennsylvania was described as "a den of ignorance."

She declared Charleston, South Carolina, to be "the receptacle for the refuse of all nations on earth. The only reputable people there are the Jews." No wonder the innkeepers of Charleston refused to let her have a room when she visited that city again.

Describing Counselor Ogden, of New York, she wrote that he looked like "an ox standing on its hind legs."

In this first book, as in the others that followed it, she made frequent

mention of the ignorance of the people she met — especially the women. A lady in Saratoga was so lacking in knowledge that she thought Alabama was a town and asked what state it was in. In New York, just to test the general knowledge of the fine lady who was entertaining her, she asked her how New York State was bounded on the south, and the only answer she got was a blank look and a confession of ignorance, "yet she had on clothes, including jewels," Mrs. Royall wrote, "that must have cost two hundred dollars."

Another New York woman said she read a lot but would not read a book unless it had a red binding, no matter what the book might contain.

Among Anne's pet detestations were parsons and missionaries. She called them "Holy Willies" and "Hallelujah Holdforths." She wrote: "They are generally tall, gaunt and supple, distant and vulgar in their manners; the gloom in their faces is never broken by a smile." As to their activities in begging for contributions she made this comment: "In the forenoon it is money; in the afternoon it is money; in the evening it is money. Why, their god must be a very Dagan, without bottom or shore."

The book's readers were aghast. No such publication had ever appeared before in America. Most of them considered it outrageous, but not all. Some liked it very much, and said so. They said what this country needed was an author who had the courage and the ability to show up the

meanness and false pretenses which pervaded the national life.

In the midst of the furor over her book, Anne Royall, known by that time all over the country, began a second tour. Innkeepers in several towns refused to let her have a room or even to sell food to her. A lawyer, Mr. N. S. of New Haven — to whom she had brought a letter of introduction from Governor Wolcott — ordered her out of his office, saying, "You are too troublesome in this town. What business have you here? Go where you came from. I want nothing to do with you." And he threw on the floor the letter from Governor Wolcott.

Anne described Mr. N. S. in these terms in her next publication, which bore the ominous title of *Black Book*.

"He generally wears a blue coat, short breeches and long boots; his body is large, his legs spindling; he wears powder in his hair; his face resembles a full moon in shape, and is as red as a fiery furnace, the effect of drinking pure water, no doubt."

Nevertheless, despite her tendency to make scathing remarks, she admired certain people so excessively that it must be defined as a kind of adoration. Among these was Governor Clinton of New York, who was the father of the Erie Canal project. Anne wrote of him:

"His high, square firm forehead is like no other man's, and every feature in his face is identified with nobility. . . . His eye is always elevated, and

his countenance is irresistibly fascinating."

On another page this eulogistic reference appears:

"It is well-known that the Erie Canal emanated from the great head of Governor Clinton; and, from his looks, I would suppose it contained several more. He is himself a canal; his mind, like a mighty river, flows steadily on in one even channel, as regardless of the little curs who yelp at his heels as the elephant is of the tiny ant. If I were to give an opinion on the subject I would say he is the greatest man at this time in the world."

V

Away back in the early decades of the republic a journalist who was rash enough to ask the President to give him an interview for publication would be promptly shown out of the door. The very idea! The President stating his comments and plans to a common scribbler, a penny-a-liner; it was unheard of. There were no press conferences at the White House, such as those that are familiar to us today.

To Anne Royall belongs the honor, such as it may be, of having the first press conference with a President. It was John Quincy Adams with whom the historic interview took place. She wrote Washington letters occasionally for out-of-town newspapers, not over her own name, but unsigned. During the Adams administration one of the burning questions of the day con-

cerned the Bank of the United States, which possessed unusual powers, so wide in scope that it really acted as the treasury of the nation. The Jacksonians wanted to take away its charter, and eventually succeeded in doing so.

Anne went several times to the White House in an effort to see Mr. Adams and get his views on the subject for publication. He refused to talk to her or to any other reporter. But Anne learned that, on hot summer days, he would walk down through the White House grounds to the Potomac. There, on the river bank, he would undress behind a thicket of shrubbery and plunge naked in the river for a swim.

One day in midsummer she hung around out of sight until he appeared. She waited until he was swimming in the river, then she sat down on his clothes. As soon as he saw her he ordered her to leave but she would not budge. She told him that she had come to get an interview on the Bank controversy, and there she intended to stay until she got it from him. He gave in after awhile and, standing in water up to his neck, he discoursed on the subject. When he had answered all her questions Anne rose, thanked him, and departed.

By the time Anne Royall had produced four or five books on American life she was known by reputation even to the school children in every village in the country, and was a never-failing subject of discourse among their elders. The position of

women in the social and economic set-up of that time was radically different from what it is today — and Anne Royall smashed most of the rules that women should respect.

In those days ladies were reared like hot-house plants. They were supposed to be fragile flowers that might be soiled by overhearing a masculine oath or a coarse expression. A real lady — well-born and correctly brought up — would never think for a moment of expressing a political opinion; such things belonged to the men's world. Women of good social standing never went anywhere in the evening without a male escort, nor were they employed in offices or stores, even in shops that dealt in feminine garments. Everyone, young and old, rich and poor, understood that woman's place was in the home. That being so, the people who were living then did not know what in the world to think of Mrs. Anne Royall.

In 1829 some of the dignitaries of the Presbyterian Church in Washington caused her to be indicted as a common scold and a public nuisance. The trial, which was begun with ponderous judicial solemnity, turned into a comedy where everybody roared with laughter. When she was first arraigned it was found that there was no law in the District of Columbia that would cover the case, and she was released, though she demanded a trial.

As soon as the news of her release spread over the country there were mass meetings in which her punishment was called for. She had vehe-

ment haters in every town and county. Expert lawyers were hired and they discovered that an English statute, incorporated in our laws, would do as a basis of prosecution, so Anne was arraigned again.

The statute, thus resurrected, stated the punishment for a common scold was a ducking. The court therefore ordered a ducking stool to be built, and it was brought into the courtroom where it stood while the trial went on. A number of prominent citizens testified in Anne's behalf, among them the Secretary of War and the Postmaster-General.

The courtroom was packed and people waited outside to get a chance to squeeze in. The prosecution read passages from Anne's books about this or that pompous person and the laughter of the crowd could be heard for half a mile as the reading went on. In the end Anne was found guilty, fined ten dollars and had to give a bond of fifty dollars to keep the peace. During the trial she drew comic pictures of the members of the jury and passed them around.

Anne was then sixty years old, and as poor as ever. She had made a good deal of money from the sale of her books, but she gave nearly all of it away. Her generosity was such an inordinate and overpowering trait that it would certainly be called today a profound psychic disease or neurosis. She would give her last dime to a

stranger whom she had never seen before if he seemed ill or hungry. Her raiment was always shabby, for she gave away her better clothes.

Her pension was finally granted in 1848, but it was small, and she scattered it every month among the poor, the idle and the vicious.

In 1831, after she had written ten books she acquired a run-down, poverty-stricken paper called *Paul Pry* and edited it for several years. The paper, spicy and full of personalities — acquired a fairly large circulation.

A Boston newspaper, the *New England Religious Weekly*, had this to say about her new venture:

"Anne Royall, Esq., author of sundry blackguard publications, has forgotten her late conviction. The old hag publishes a weekly, a strong Jackson print, and it contains all the scum, billingsgate and filth extant."

She dropped *Paul Pry* in the late 1830's and started a new weekly, the *Huntress*, which was very much like its predecessor in tone and subject matter. She continued as its editor and publisher until her death, which occurred in 1854, when she was eighty-five years old, but long before she died the *Huntress* had declined in popularity, had lost nearly all its circulation, and was heavily in debt.

When she died her estate consisted of thirty-one cents and she owed six dollars for room rent.



MY TEN-CENT SHELF

BY MITCHELL KENNERLEY

I CALL it my ten-cent shelf because nearly all the books it holds cost ten cents each, but now it has spread to every shelf in my library. Two or three of them cost as much as twenty-five cents each and as many more I rescued from a "two for five cents" box. The average does not exceed ten cents. They are all old and secondhand books, but they are all good books, many of them better printed and bound and designed than the majority of the books published today, and they are all pleasant to hold and to read.

There is an unreasoning prejudice in many minds against an old and secondhand copy of a book. The book buyer of today likes his book fresh from the printer and binder, in shiny colored wrapper and preferably heavily packaged. He overlooks the fact that all valuable and important books become "old and secondhand." The Gutenberg Bible, which sold at auction a few years ago for \$106,000, was not a new book and the library of Jerome Kern, which in 1929 fetched \$1,729,462, did not contain a single new book.

In the old days a publisher took

more thought about the production of a book and used better materials than he does today. One reason for this is that good materials were cheaper then and more hand labor was used. Fifty or sixty years ago there was comparatively no such thing as poor paper, and binders had not heard of "liquid gold" and "imitation gold." For this reason the gold lettering on an old book is now almost as brilliant as when it was published, while the "gold" stamping of today fades into nothingness in a year or two. And the feel of old paper, even when foxed or faded with age, is much pleasanter than the harsh touch of today's papers.

As I write I have before me a copy of the first edition of *Sirenica*, by W. Compton Leith, published by John Lane in London in 1913, which I found in a "two for five" box on Fourth Avenue, New York City. The real name of the author of *Sirenica* was Ormonde Maddock Dalton, the keeper of British and Mediæval Antiquities in the British Museum until he retired around 1932. He did not wish it generally known that he was

MITCHELL KENNERLEY has been associated with books all his life. As a publisher and as president of the Anderson Galleries, he has sold millions of dollars' worth of books.

the author of *Sirenica*. The catalogue of the British Museum contains numerous entries under his own name, all dealing with mediæval art. Thomas B. Mosher reprinted *Sirenica*, with a glowing introduction by William Marion Reedy, and Christopher Morley has written of it: "In this volume of stately, sonorous, rhythmic, colorful prose is the explanation of each man to himself." There is no edition of *Sirenica* in print in America today, so look for it on the ten-cent shelves.

An English writer has written: "What the roulette table is to the gambler, the secondhand bookshop is to me." I have grown to believe that any book you are looking for will turn up sooner or later in a secondhand bookshop. I have had several instances lately of finding books I was particularly looking for. A few months ago, October 29, 1943, to be exact, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, William Rose Benêt wrote of "a very special sort of children's book" called *Redcoat Captain*, by Alfred Ollivant, author of the ever-popular *Bob, Son of Battle*. *Redcoat Captain* was published by the Macmillan Company, but was never popular and has been out of print since 1921. I kept a clipping of Mr. Benêt's article and a few weeks ago I found an almost new copy of *Redcoat Captain* on an outdoor shelf on Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, for ten cents.

The title-page reads, "Illuminated by Graham Robertson." Illuminated is the right word, for I do not remember any more delightful illus-

trations, expressing the very spirit of child-land, not even Tenniel's immortal illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland*. And here let me say that you do not know how friendly a secondhand copy of a book can be until you have carried it home and wiped off the dust from the cover and from the top edge and from the endpapers and maybe also from the inside pages, and have fondled it back to renewed life and service. I do not mind if a previous owner has written his or her name in it. I paste in my bookplate and the book is mine for life.

Another book for which I had been looking for years, I found on the same shelves. It is a volume of poems, *Stray Verses*, by Robert Lord Houghton, printed on handmade paper and published by John Murray in London in 1901. Arnold Bennett proudly showed me another edition of this book in his room in Chelsea in 1894. I had always remembered one of the poems in it, "Anna Karenina."

When Simon & Schuster planned their superlative edition of *War and Peace*, I decided I would make a real effort to procure a copy of *Stray Verses* and present it to my friend M. Lincoln Schuster, who was collecting books by and about Tolstoy. I advertised for it in the trade papers for several weeks without response. Then one afternoon in running my eyes across a ten-cent shelf on Fifty-ninth Street — I could hardly believe my eyes — I read the title *Stray Verses*. I took the book down, paid for it, and hurried home to examine my find. Not

only was it the book I had long wanted, but also on the last endpaper there was rubber-stamped "Vodrey, Bookseller, Tunstall." Tunstall is one of the Five Towns of Arnold Bennett's famous novels, and I wondered if by any chance this was his copy which I read in his room nearly fifty years ago?

II

Another book which I tried very hard to find, without success, was *Excalibur*, a poetic drama by Ralph Adams Cram, the famous architect and author of several books in the byways of literature. About two years ago, Mr. Cram asked me if I could find a copy of this book for him. It was published in Boston, at the author's expense, in 1900, by Richard Gorham Badger, America's most cultivated and prosperous author's publisher, who published the first books of Willa Cather, Eugene O'Neill and E. A. Robinson. I tried by all the methods I knew to get a copy of *Excalibur* as Mr. Cram was nearing eighty and I wanted him to have it. He wrote me that he had given away his last copy years ago. I advertised in the trade papers, asked the New York booksellers to look for a copy regardless of price and wrote to a bookseller friend in Boston, where Mr. Cram had given away many copies when originally published. I could not find a copy and last year the author died. The other day I found a copy of *Excalibur* priced thirty-five cents. It was a large and beautifully

printed volume on handmade paper, with a design by the author's friend and partner, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, stamped in gold on the cover.

A rare Tolstoy volume which I recently found is *Sevastopol*, translated from the French by Frank D. Millet, with an introduction by W. D. Howells, published by Harper & Brothers in 1887. Mr. Howells' introduction is worth quoting from today:

This far-fetched Russian nobleman is precisely the human being with whom at this moment I find myself in the greatest intimacy; not because I know him, but because I know myself through him; because he has written more faithfully of the life common to all men, the universal life which is the most personal life, than any other author whom I have read.

Where do we find criticism like this today, where the writer comes to grips with the book he has read and the man who has written it? I wonder if the always courageous and forthright Howells was the first American critic to go all out for Tolstoy?

I do not believe I own a more enduringly delightful and satisfying volume than *Pensées from the Journal Intime of Henri-Frédéric Amiel*, published by Howard Wilford Bell, London, 1901. I first saw it on a fifteen-cent shelf on Fourth Avenue and I nearly passed it by. The cover was very dusty and my hands were clean, but the gold stamping on the light-green buckram binding shone through the dust, and I bought it. How glad I am that I did! It is never safe to delay buying a desired volume. While you

are hesitating someone else may capture it. An additional attraction to me is the name "H. T. Peck," written on the fly-leaf. Harry Thurston Peck will be remembered as one of the most brilliant and unfortunate men ever connected with Columbia University. This is the only volume I have ever seen with the London imprint of Howard Wilford Bell, who afterwards came to America and in 1904 founded the Unit Books of which I shall have something to say later on.

I never miss looking through the boxes of pamphlets and odds and ends which are priced at five cents or "two for five cents." Very often a pamphlet or booklet is a real piece of literature or of printing and often of both. An example is a copy of Emerson's *Compensation* which I bought because of an attractive design on its stiff paper cover. On further examination I was delighted to find an agreeable type-page printed clearly and evenly in black, and on turning to the title-page found it had been printed by the Roycrofters in 1917. One of these days someone in authority will say a kind word about the books printed by Elbert Hubbard at the Roycroft Press. They have been too much maligned by the modern typographer and neglected by our booksellers and collectors. Elbert Hubbard did the best work of which he was capable and no man's best is to be scoffed at. Some of the Roycroft books will stand up longer than many private press productions of later years.

A distinctive and elaborate little volume is *The Lover's Rubaiyat*, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, famous for her early anthology of modern American poetry, published in Boston in 1900. It is an exquisite volume, with an elaborate all-over design stamped in gold on the front cover and repeated in blind on the back cover, and with endpapers of Chinese gold paper. The text consists of sixty-five quatrains by ten different translators of the *Rubaiyat*, including seventeen of the familiar FitzGerald version, "mosaiced together" by Miss Rittenhouse into what she calls in her introduction "a book for sweethearts." It is a lovely little volume.

The most attractive and useful edition of *The Declaration of Independence* I have ever seen, I bought for ten cents on Fourth Avenue. It was published by Duffield and Company in 1907, and though no printer's name was given, it was almost certainly done by the famous Merrymount Press. It is a small volume, the text set within a generous border printed in red, with a frontispiece of facsimiles of reproductions of the signatures of all the signers, with a list of the signers alphabetically arranged under states at the end. The binding is stamped in gold and red and black on brown paper boards with a cloth back. I have never seen another copy of this edition and I recommend looking for one.

The Friendship of Books, edited by Temple Scott and published by Macmillan in 1926, is one of the most de-

lightful anthologies in the English language. Temple Scott lived and loved books as few men have ever done. In compiling this volume he was quoting from books that had been his friends for many years and that were a living memory to him and not from the compilations of others. Whenever you find a volume by Temple Scott, buy it. The keynote of *The Friendship of Books* is expressed by a quotation on the opening page: "Without books God is silent," ascribed to Thos. V. Bartholin. I showed this to Christopher Morley who suggested in a recent essay that Bartholin might be the Danish anatomist and gland-explorer of the seventeenth century. One day I hope to find out about him.

III

I like little books, and it is my good fortune — and yours, if you will look for them — that there are more good little books offered for sale on the ten-cent shelves than good big books. The secondhand dealers seem to agree with the newer publishers that you can charge more for a big book, whether good or bad, than for a little book, however good it may be. At the turn of the century it was the custom to issue books in as modest a size and as of good quality of paper, printing and binding, as conditions would allow. One of these small volumes I have recently bought is *Recollections of Oscar Wilde*, by Ernest La Jeunesse, André Gide and Franz Blei, translated by Percival Pollard and pub-

lished in 1906. Pollard, along with James Huneker, was one of the early American explorers of contemporary European literature. This volume may well have been the introduction of André Gide to American readers.

Another very small volume is *Witty, Wise and Wicked Maxims*, with a preface by Henri Pène du Bois, published by Brentano's in 1897. Of the hundreds of maxims in this slim volume, not all were gathered from printed books; some were in autograph letters and others in albums, those inexhaustible and buried mines of wit and wisdom.

I have acquired a large collection of single volumes of the numerous series of reprints that have been published in England and America during the last fifty years or so, but I will write of only a few of them. The first of such series I remember was Cassell's National Library, published in England at sixpence a volume and also published in America. They were very small, square volumes, neatly printed and bound. At about the same time I began to buy, at the bookshop price of ninepence, occasional volumes of the Camelot Series, edited by Ernest Rhys and published by Walter Scott, which I regard as the pioneer and in many respects the best of all such series. In addition to the familiar classics, it contained two original volumes by Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days in America* and *Democratic Vistas*, for which Whitman wrote special prefaces addressed "to the

reader in the British Islands." In one he wrote: "America is really the great test or trial case for all the problems and speculations of humanity."

After many years as editor of the Camelot Series, Ernest Rhys joined J. M. Dent in founding the more ambitious Everyman's Library. I have looked in vain in the two volumes of reminiscences of Ernest Rhys for an adequate tribute to the influence of the Camelot Series or their sturdy publisher, Walter Scott, wealthy Newcastle-on-Tyne ironmaster, who also published the first non-fiction book of Bernard Shaw, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* and the first English translations of Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky.

A companion series to the Camelot was the Canterbury Poets, also published by Walter Scott and edited by William Sharp, before he wrote as Fiona Macleod. An early Canterbury volume was *Leaves of Grass*, which introduced Whitman to a large circle of readers. Walter Scott had a branch in New York and there are copies of both series, in their modest blue bindings with paper labels, in nearly all the secondhand bookshops, but you will rarely find them on the ten-cent shelves.

One of the most ambitious, original and courageous ventures in American publishing was the Unit Books, the first volume of which was published by Howard Wilford Bell in 1903. Bell had been an English publisher. I know nothing more about him except

that shortly after the publication of the first Unit Books, I read of his death by drowning off Long Island. Several more volumes were published by the Unit Book Publishing Company and then the series was abandoned.

The claim was made that the Unit Books would be the cheapest series of books published in America, and this was to be accomplished by the original feature of basing the published price on the length of the particular book. The price of each set of twenty-five pages was two cents, plus thirty cents for binding in cloth and fifty cents for binding in leather. There was no extra charge for a stiff paper binding. The first Unit Book was Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*, 524 pages — 21 units — and the prices were 42 cents for paper-covered copies, 72 cents in cloth binding and 92 cents in leather binding. The Unit Books were all printed in the same clear type, on the same high-quality paper of varying thicknesses and were uniformly bound in green with gold stamping. I do not know how many of them were published, but I have found seven of them on the ten-cent shelves.

I could mention the titles of many more books on my ten-cent shelves, but I hope I have given you enough to send you looking on your own. Do not think that I have bought all the bargains. Everyday these shelves are replenished from the new purchases of the dealers and I shall go on visiting them until I die.

THE LIBRARY

Literary Critics

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

ACROSS the country, for many months, *The World of Washington Irving*¹ has been in simmering demand, the third of Van Wyck Brooks' popular successes. Like its predecessor, *New England: Indian Summer*, it was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and, like *The Flowering of New England*, it became a top seller. As there are to be five volumes in this series, and as the next is to cover the period dominated by Walt Whitman and Herman Melville, who knows what further triumphs are in store for Mr. Brooks? The final overpowering tribute, Hollywood, may yet be offered to him.

So seldom does a literary man, one of the true blues, stumble on a theme that engages the multitude, one might suppose that this abounding success would please the warm-hearted tribe of which Van Wyck Brooks is a member. His literary youth was exceptionally blameless. So far as I know, I was the first editor to whose columns he contributed, at least in the press. He used to send me material, short and pithy reflections, that ran in the

Literary Review of the Chicago *Evening Post*, under some heading such as "Of Mortal Things." Later, no less unattached and uncalculating, he wrote a book on John Addington Symonds, a theme so remote it had merely to be published to sink to the bottom. Mr. B. W. Huebsch tells me it was on my own recommendation that he came to take one of the early Brooks manuscripts, and clearly that was also for the love of literature.

In the thirties Brooks began his great literary history, with *The Flowering of New England*, just the sort of work for which he was supremely fitted. How have the critics welcomed it? A host of them are pulling his efforts to pieces. So far has it gone that one recent reviewer, an admirer of his earlier work, describes *The World of Washington Irving* as, if you please, a sin-offering. This shameful Brooks, she thinks, realizing that he once had offended the Puritan Fathers, is here on his knees rubbing ashes in his hair. If her criticism is extreme, Mr. F. O. Matthiessen² of Harvard may have encouraged it. And of course Bernard de

¹ *The World of Washington Irving*, by Van Wyck Brooks. \$3.75. Dutton.

² *American Renaissance*, by F. O. Matthiessen. \$5.00. Oxford.

Voto has taken a mighty swipe at him. He and Mr. Matthiessen are by no means in agreement. Mr. de Voto execrates Van Wyck Brooks for the early work that the Harvard man praises, and vice versa. But the upshot is most interesting to anyone who pays the least attention to the currents of criticism. One is led to inquire why such valuable work as Brooks' meets with animosity and hostility.

II

It is some time since Bernard de Voto gave Mr. Brooks first place on the mourners' bench in *The Literary Fallacy*.³ This small volume is made up of six lectures that Mr. de Voto delivered to the students of Indiana University in 1942-1943. With added notes the lectures were published over a year ago, and Mr. de Voto amplified his attack on Van Wyck Brooks in certain of these additions.

The real reason why the attack was made on Mr. Brooks is certainly not hard to find. Mr. de Voto was looking for a stick with which to beat a formidable group he was attacking, and Mr. Brooks, who had said "*mea culpa*" for some of his former opinions, was most convenient for him.

The prisoners whom Mr. de Voto had placed in the dock, in this mock trial to which he devoted his Indiana lectures, were leading writers of the 1920's. They were H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway,

John Dos Passos, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe. To take these pungent writers on their merits would not have washed, even in Indiana, though he was addressing the young. But by behaving like a prosecuting attorney who has an incriminating confession up his sleeve, Mr. de Voto could make a plausible case, and he went about it artfully. Who was the prime mover in "repudiating American life"? Who inspired the others? To possess evidence that the key man had inculpated himself was what he needed, and he built up a case accordingly.

He incriminated Mr. Brooks. "Mr. Brooks," he said, "was truly an active agent in shaping the literature of the 1920's. In the area of literary ideas he was an analyst, expositor and propagandist more brilliantly effective than any of his contemporaries. Some of the key literary ideas of the times are his creations." He continued in the same strain, with a calm that was unblinking.

Having exposed Van Wyck Brooks as this "agent," he says, in effect, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, what have we here? The defendant MacLeish is not on trial. He is ~~not~~ in the dock. He has already admitted to me, the State's Attorney, that 'modern American literature has been in the main a betrayal of American life.' That, gentlemen, dismisses MacLeish for the moment. He has turned State's evidence. But between MacLeish and Brooks there is a marked difference. For though Mr. MacLeish

³ *The Literary Fallacy*, by Bernard de Voto. \$2.50. Little, Brown.

and Mr. Brooks repudiate the literature of their generation, Mr. Brooks is repudiating a literature which, in part, he begot." Then, reading the repudiation by Galileo Brooks, he winds up his eloquent plea with these words, which are quoted from him, "I need not rest the betrayal of our culture by contemporary literature on my own assertion."

What does he rest it on? An elephant suspended in midair over the University of Indiana? He really rests it on insinuations long familiar in witch-hunting.

He continued, the amiable Mr. de Voto, to hint at "stooges of a realistic, foreign, political absolutism." He strengthened this by trotting out Ezra Pound, the Fascist. Ezra Pound, though not in the dock, "had been one of the earliest and one of the most energetic workers in the movement I have been discussing." The "movement," you see. An agent and a movement. But Mr. de Voto has skill as a prosecutor.

He ties up Ezra Pound with Van Wyck Brooks, to make sure of the students. "I did not need to listen to Ezra Pound for his description of America — I could pick up books in my own library at random and find it nearly anywhere. The base culture, the inferior people, the decadent civilization, the blindness and depravity and disgusting stench of an evil nation, everything that Mr. Pound was saying about us was at hand in the works of the superior class. The United States Government has now formally

indicted Mr. Pound for treason. But does not his treason consist of his having had more guts than a good many of his fellow literary men?"

Before the going got tough, said Attorney de Voto, they heartily believed the same things. "It seems to me that Mr. Pound, who kept the courage of his convictions, has a little more dignity even under indictment."

But for Indiana there is a clinching argument; the attainder rests on the fact that Mr. Brooks and his followers impeached "our business civilization."

The indictment is, of course, a baseless fabric. Van Wyck Brooks was not the "generative power" in the twenties. Because he regretted some of the criticisms he had once made of America, it served Mr. de Voto to imply that the ground had gone from under H. L. Mencken and the rest. They had never stood on that ground. Their position and Van Wyck Brooks' had never coincided.

Emerson had criticized "our business civilization." He hadn't waited for Van Wyck Brooks. Neither had Henry George. Neither had Bellamy. William Dean Howells was riddling our bourgeois with Socialist criticism before Brooks was born. The Fabians had been at it when he was wearing a bib. Frank Norris had attacked Southern Pacific as a monopoly when Brooks was in knickers. Upton Sinclair published his onslaught, *The Jungle*, in 1906. Theodore Dreiser had not waited for the twenties. *The Titan* came out a few years after Jack London's prophecy of revolution, *The*

Iron Heel. The *Genius* came out in 1915. And Thorstein Veblen wrote his *Theory of Business Enterprise* before Van Wyck Brooks had graduated from Harvard. The air was full of populism, progressivism, anti-imperialism, anti-patriotism. Lincoln Steffens vivisected the corrupt deals of contented Penroses. Frank Harris wrote *The Bomb*. Trotsky busied himself in New York. Walter Lippmann was secretary of the Socialist mayor of Schenectady.

The absurdity of ascribing to Van Wyck Brooks any major part in the dissillusion of the Harding, Coolidge, Hoover period, just because he and MacLeish spoke of the Irresponsibles, shows Mr. de Voto's type of mind.

III

Mr. de Voto did not stoop to conquer. His mind doesn't have to sink, in order to be usefully mob-minded. This becomes doubly evident when, with those Mid-West boys at his feet, he attacks Mr. Brooks for making Puritanism "the villain of the twenties."

Puritanism was indeed the villain. But Mr. de Voto, having espoused "our culture," could not rest his case at that point. He had to declare that it was a "literary phantasy" to uphold "the notion that Puritanism forbade, feared and despised sexual intercourse, the emotions associated with it in personality, and the expression of such emotions in art." He intimated that attacks on Puritanism were reckless,

unfounded and anti-American. "Puritanism was just something to which you attributed whatever portions of our culture you happened to dislike."

It is the sort of bold assertion that undergraduates take an impression from, perhaps a confused impression, and they certainly cannot deal with it critically. Mr. de Voto declared that "Mr. Brooks never achieves a clear idea of Calvinism. But he identifies Calvinism with Puritanism." Very few could meet that. And yet Professor Ralph Barton Perry, who is no man to fall foul of, does not hesitate to say that Jonathan Edwards, a great mind, a great spirit, a great Puritan, was also a great Calvinist, and in his theology "represented a purity of Calvinistic doctrines."

But it is on sex and its emotional nimbus that Professor Perry, in his remarkable new book, *Puritanism and Democracy*,⁴ reveals how hollow Mr. de Voto is.

"The most notorious of all the failures of Calvinism," Professor Perry affirms, was "the ethics of marriage." "Sexual love," he continues in a passage that Mr. de Voto should memorize, "is the most powerful of the physical appetites, the most prone to excess, the most unruly and insubordinate. To Calvin it afforded the most signal example of the evil of the lower good; and he conceived it, therefore, as originating with the fall of Adam. . . . In other words, physical passion, being identified with lewdness, was

⁴ *Puritanism and Democracy*, by Ralph Barton Perry. \$5.00. Vanguard.

excluded from sacred love. Marriage was thus debased to a biological function plus a mask of hypocrisy."

Here is a dispassionate witness. He may deplore the twenties himself. He has plenty of good reason for doing so. But he does not falsify the argument. He does not grovel to the mob. He does not take magnanimous transvaluation of values as an excuse for travesty. On this same score of sex he speaks a wise word about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. "Had it not been for the cult of denial and concealment," he says, "in which the flame of love is replaced by its cinders and asphyxiating gases, it would not have been necessary for D. H. Lawrence to press the opposite extreme." This is not Mr. de Voto's line of argument, which makes for denial and concealment.

IV

Where Mr. de Voto puts forward any specific literary criticism of Van Wyck Brooks, he says nothing essential that Mr. Matthiessen did not say in *American Renaissance*, published two years before *The Literary Fallacy*.

In 1941 Mr. Matthiessen says regretfully that "by the time Brooks wrote *The Flowering of New England* (1936), he had relaxed his standards. He was no longer concerned with ideas, or with critical discriminations, but with describing the surfaces of the milieu that had produced the writing, good or bad. His picture is charming but sentimental. His method is most successful in its vignettes of minor and

forgotten figures, but it has robbed the period of most of its clash and struggle."

What has Mr. de Voto added to this? Either he paraphrases Mr. Matthiessen or he unconsciously echoes him. Mr. Matthiessen says that Brooks has "diluted" Thoreau. Mr. de Voto says he has "diminished" Thoreau. Mr. Matthiessen says that Brooks is most successful with minor figures. Mr. de Voto says that "he is best with minor writers." Mr. Matthiessen compliments Brooks on his vignettes. Mr. de Voto compliments him on following moods and quirks. Mr. Matthiessen speaks of Emily Dickinson's tension, Mr. de Voto of her intensity. Mr. Matthiessen, as quoted, complains that Brooks "robbed the period of most of its clash and struggle." Mr. de Voto says that "something of completeness and much of robustness is gone." Mr. Matthiessen quotes Emerson, "the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan." Mr. de Voto funnily enough happens on the same phrase, "the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan." Mr. Matthiessen brings in Orestes Brownson. The same Orestes Brownson bobs up in Mr. de Voto's pages. Doctor, how do you account for such coincidences?

But there are divergences. When Mr. de Voto upheld the Puritan he did not advert to those words in Mr. Matthiessen's book where Emerson, not Van Wyck Brooks, spoke of "the hard, sour, iron Puritan." Van Wyck Brooks did not start the so-called "repudiation" of Puritanism. For a

hundred years the cruel Puritanism symbolized in *The Scarlet Letter* has been rightly under fire and only mob oratory denies it.

But more basic, when Mr. de Voto baited literary men as such in *The Literary Fallacy* he did not remember Emerson's lofty enunciation: "The art of writing is the highest of those permitted to men as drawing directly from the soul, and the means and material it uses are also of the soul." That is the bread of life, the real meal in Emerson's firkin.

Mr. de Voto misses this elevation of the American spirit, while yet complaining that it is Brooks who overlooked the essential in not knowing a work Mr. de Voto extols, namely, *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States*. Here Mr. de Voto resembles Lowell complaining that Thoreau did not properly value "the august drama of destiny of which his country was the scene." It is in a similar burst of pompous sociological superiority that Mr. de Voto chides Van Wyck Brooks for not seeing the vast Zolaesque drama behind those stirring words, "resumption of specie payment."

On the large issue of "our culture," moreover, Mr. de Voto thumps the drum on the band wagon too loudly. In the Harding era, he proclaims, "the nation had the greatest mechanical power, the greatest actual wealth, and very likely the greatest potential wealth in the world. It had the longest experience as self-government, the most flexible political institutions, in-

comparably the most flexible political social institutions that history has ever seen. It had the greatest measure of democracy, the greatest social kindness, the greatest degree of social justice, the greatest hope." Yes, and in Mr. de Voto's book, the greatest effrontery. Emerson knew "this great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America," as he called it. But "our culture," as Emerson knew it, was never the prairie fire that Mr. de Voto suggests. Emerson sold in the tens, or the hundreds, not in the thousands. Thoreau's masterpiece did not sell 2000 copies. Emerson gave a gentle, candid lecture at Harvard and for thirty years after it he was not invited to speak again. Hawthorne could not live by literature. He was given a consulate to provide livelihood for him. The flattest failure of Herman Melville's career was his greatest book, *Moby Dick*. If Henry James took to Europe, and Thoreau to the woods, these "repudiations" are made more intelligible by the facts of life. And how did J. Fenimore Cooper speak about America when he returned after an absence of seven years? Ezra Pound should not be told about it, lest it add fuel to his smudge. The hard truth is, competitive civilization has often made the pursuit of the highest arts impracticable. Mr. Matthiessen's book, *American Renaissance*, reinforces this, and it was only recently that Mr. de Voto himself gave an interview in which he explained that he was not able to live by his pen except by selling pot-boilers under an assumed

name. The best writers have come up "the hard way" — by a rocky road, to a back door. Possibly the American public, having been made more aware of our literary history by Van Wyck Brooks' pioneer work, may begin to see what has happened to the true individuals among our writing men.

The Matthiessen strictures touch on this, but the Harvard critic reproaches Van Wyck Brooks for failing to write a book that he never proposed to write. Mr. Matthiessen's own volume, almost 700 pages of close print, gives us the ideas and the critical discriminations that he values. He makes no concessions to laziness. He begins with these chapter headings: In the Optative Mood, The Actual Glory, The Metaphysical Strain, The Organic Principle. For a sincere and well-prepared student of "art and expression in the age of Emerson and Whitman," this study provides rich and fertile material.

For relevance to American culture it undoubtedly surpasses *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States*, much as Mr. de Voto loves geological surveys, but it does not actually breathe life into the age of Emerson so that unprofessional people can enter it and live in it. This does not deny that, for those who have the right equipment, the electric suits and the oxygen, Mr. Matthiessen can take us to the stratosphere. But his book is not a work of art. It is a sublimated literary inquiry that does everything for literary art which can be done by methods borrowed and adapted from

the laboratories. Out of it, since there seems to be endowment for it, great creativity may come. And Mr. Matthiessen is just what John Crowe Ransom⁵ thinks a critic should be. He is ontological.

V

If men in the mass were ontological, it would be better for them. Mr. Ransom, however, who feels that criticism should be an excursion into the very essence of being, must also realize that it is only the subsidized who can devote themselves to such criticism. It's for astronomers, not for sea captains.

Van Wyck Brooks, on the other hand, turned a secular attention to the broad ocean of America's literary past, and in *The World of Washington Irving*, he gives a glowing, animated, arresting picture of it. Sentimental? In some of its touches. The picture of Edgar Allan Poe is cool and unsentimental. It is also free from rancidity of special pleading, and spacious in its scene, and poignant in its perceptions. Over this whole book there presides a story-teller, not an analyst, and by making a story of this world in which Jefferson put his arm around Tom Paine's shoulder, in which Aaron Burr deplored that he had killed his friend Hamilton, not having read Sterne instead of Voltaire, in which Walt Whitman, a boy of eleven, goggles at Mr. Astor

⁵ *The Intent of the Critic*, by John Crowe Ransom, \$2.50. Princeton.

bundled into a sleigh, we who are averse to drudgery, the incredible drudgery to which Van Wyck Brooks had to bend his neck and his spirit, may be intensely grateful to have a new world in the New World at our disposal. Specialists like Mr. Matthiessen are too supercilious about it. They have a right to be "optative." But no greater danger exists for specialists than to be cold-blooded. Germany is chockful of them. They have heads as big as pumpkins and hearts the size of split peas. It makes a barren and often disastrous combination. The only trace of the hypertrophied head in Mr. Matthiessen, whose recent book on Henry James is a human delight, shows in his acidity about Van Wyck Brooks. Swans do not have to be eagles. Neither do mandarin ducks. Van Wyck Brooks has not relaxed his standards. He has chosen, as a historian, to do a Breughel landscape instead of Holbein portraits. The marvelous thing is that he has found his landscape at home, and as a frontiersman, a discoverer.

Criticism, it is easy to see, can lead to the most demagogic excesses, as in Mr. de Voto, or to a withering meticulousness, as in Mr. Matthiessen. T. S. Eliot, Joyce, Kafka, Rimbaud, Mr. Auden, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Ransom, Mr. Blackmur — these can be the objects of cults or their priesthood. But in criticism there can be Baptists and Irvingites, Methodists and Buddhists, dancing dervishes and Holy Rollers. The other day Brooks Atkinson, fresh from China and the big

world, spewed on criticism as such, saying it was an "ignoble profession." Why not, if he thinks so? But it has a function.

Love is blind, especially love of the arts, and the critic is its oculist. The object of criticism is in the end concrete and purposive, to improve vision. The apparatus is a detail, whether critics work on the eyes themselves, or on bomb-sights, or telescopes or opera glasses. Criticism is a function of the arts, especially the arts misapprehended. If love had true insight, critics would be out of luck. They could wander the streets, as our fathers used to say, breaking stones with their hands in their breeches' pockets. But idle critics there need never be, since love has wild, disordered, frantic vision, and criticism, whether for an audience or for itself, can work wisely to direct it.

For those who care not at all, the critic has literally nothing to do. But if the public embraces any work, even the work of a donkey with fondled ears, the critic is employable. He must have an optic nerve to educate. His work begins with those, and only those, who have aliveness to the arts. Then his question is: If I have aliveness, have I also susceptibility? If Mr. Van Wyck Brooks stirs mere aliveness in hundreds of thousands, Mr. Matthiessen exists to refine on it. Aliveness to the very essence of being, as art apprehends it, is the final interest of criticism. But the ground has to be prepared. That is also criticism. Why should it be "ignoble"?

THE OPEN FORUM

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

SIR: Thank you for Archibald Rutledge's illuminating piece on the Negro, "What if the South Should Be Right?" in the December issue.

Gunnar Myrdal observes in his *An American Dilemma*, that monumental treatise on the problem:

"In the South three generations ago white people had for their defense a consistent and respectable theory [to justify the Negro's subordinate status] . . . and now their theory is being torn to pieces; its expression is being recognized as a mark of ignorance."

Mr. Rutledge has recited that theory in beautiful prose, three generations late. It is only charitable that we should refrain, "with an innate delicacy and reticence that avoids anything that remotely suggests vulgarity," in Mr. Rutledge's own words, from tearing it to bits all over again.

Beliefs that the Negro is somehow mysteriously "different," that he is ingenuous and child-like, that he is a happy-go-lucky lazybones, and that he has made no progress, have long since become ludicrous in the light of modern social research. Anyone as intelligent as Mr. Rutledge who persists in believing them today seeks simply to hide from his own conscience.

There remain two observations of interest: first, everything the author says in defense of his doctrine belongs to the 19th century. He quotes Lincoln, Alexander Stephens, Bismarck, Edmund Burke. He cites Reconstruction experiences. It is highly significant that Mr. Rutledge cites not one contemporary authority, not one modern statistic, to support his argument.

Secondly, it is interesting to find him leaning so heavily on the one prop remaining to Southerners who seek to defend the caste system: that the Southerner must know the Negro best, because he has been so close to him through all our history.

I lived several years in a small Southern town as editor-publisher of its newspaper. I heard that argument more than once.

I also heard, over and over again, "the Negro is all right in his place," "I don't want to have anything to do with them," "Just so they stay to themselves, they're all right."

Not one white man I knew had any contact with a Negro except as his master, not one had ever seen a Negro newspaper, nor attended a Negro church, nor talked with a Negro as man to man. Jim Crow mores were too strong.

Southerners cannot segregate the Negro, deny him a decent education and a decent living wage, persist in being addressed by him as "Suh," "have nothing to do with him," and then insist that they know the Negro.

We in the North have much of which to be ashamed, but at least it can be said for us that many of us *are* ashamed, and have mended our ways. Many in the South, fighting a far more virulent prejudice, have mended theirs, too; and many more are increasingly persuaded. But so long as "the unalterable conviction" of such racists as Rutledge holds sway in the South, the Negro, as James Weldon Johnson observed, will continue to suffer throughout the United States.

LOUIS M. STARR

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Archibald Rutledge says: "One thing I know: when the white man from the North comes to live in the South, his ideas about the Negro and his attitude toward him undergo a radical change. He always comes to the viewpoint of the South."

I lived in the South for fifteen years, and can testify that this statement is false, with respect both to myself and to many Northern friends of mine still living in the South.

If Mr. Rutledge had contented himself with saying that *some* Northerners adopt the Southern viewpoint about Negroes, he would have been right. So gross a distortion of facts, innocent as I assume it to be, reveals a bias that permeates Mr. Rutledge's article. He says, for instance, that Negroes who had a brush with the law "invariably" got a white man to help them out — a remarkable reflection in itself on the status of Southern justice — but does not tell us where those white men were when lynchings occurred or justice was not done.

He says that the South has brought order out of racial chaos by establishing a caste system based on the principle that the Negro is — not inferior,

but different — and that in this system the Negro “was happy.” But he does not explain how this difference can justify exclusion of Negroes from various jobs, regardless of individual capacity, from parks, bathing beaches, transportation, comfort stations and other facilities.

With similar disregard of facts, Mr. Rutledge writes that many Negroes are “losing their manners,” which he sees as “always . . . evidence of corruption of character.” But he has no criticism of the manners of the great majority of Southerners who refuse Negroes the common courtesies of address (Mr., Mrs., Miss), or of the smaller but substantial number who, without provocation, refer to Northerners in the presence of one of them as “damyankees” or the peculiarly obscene term, “niggerlovers.”

I speak of these practices, which Mr. Rutledge does not even mention, because I can see no justification for them either in principle or in practice. The character of Southern whites, as Lillian Smith has pointed out, suffers from the attempt to defend what is not defensible. The economy of the South suffers from the low wages and low productivity of the caste system Mr. Rutledge defends. The politics of the South, with its barefaced corruption and cynicism, its reactionary and ignorant demagoguery, springs from a sectional one-party system designed to maintain white supremacy, a suppression of free discussion, and a mistrust of all progressive measures lest they disturb what is still the South’s “peculiar institution.”

LEE MORRIS

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Your publication of the race articles by Archibald Rutledge and George S. Schuyler are timely and valuable even though the prejudices of the authors may mar their logic at times.

The absurdities of Rutledge’s arguments, like the proverbial sore thumb, disfigure his beautiful composition and rhetoric. The crux of his entire thesis is that the Negro race is fundamentally different from the white — and by implication inferior in most respects. Suppose, for the sake of argument, we grant this; where then would the man who is half Negro and half white be pegged? And what about the one who is only a quarter Negro? These are all “niggas” in Mr. Rutledge’s eyes.

Into just what kind of a Jim Crow pigeon-hole would Mr. Rutledge put the Chinese, the Filipino, or the Indian, or the crosses of these with whites? Recently a Southern friend, calling upon me in the Northwest, was horrified to note

that Indians were enjoying some of their natural rights among whites and remarked, “I regard an Indian as a ‘nigga!’”

If Mr. Rutledge will turn back the pages of history less than a century, he will be edified to find exactly his arguments used to justify human slavery. Likewise, Mr. Rutledge at times is somewhat careless with the truth. His assertion that the Southern white always treats the Negro fairly will rather startle the Negro. Here is just one example — the objection of the Southern white to the Negro’s receiving the same relief ration as the white during the depression.

Does Mr. Rutledge maintain that there is such a difference in the two races that the dark man can get along on a smaller amount and poorer food than his white brother; that the body of a Negro is so resistant to cold that he can live in a shack while his white “friend” must have a steam-heated apartment; that the white babies must be well cared for under proper sanitary conditions whereas a pickaninny can “jes grow up” under any environment? If so, nothing could more truly demonstrate the infinite superiority of the dark people.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

PROGRESS IN ANESTHESIA

SIR: As a scientific researcher (and writer), I should like to express a sincere appreciation of the article “One Hundred Years of Anesthesia,” by Leona Alberts Wassersug, which appeared in your January issue. It is an excellent example of intelligently popularized scientific exposition.

I feel, however, that the author might well have culminated her able recording of the many developments in anesthesiology with a brief résumé of anesthesia’s newest handmaiden and adjuvant: the versatile drug, curare.

Today, the clinically adequate variety of curare (discovered by me in 1938) which already has served medicine in the fields of spastic paralysis and the convulsive shock therapy method of treating certain mental diseases, now spectacularly aids surgery by inducing an ideally profound surgical relaxation when used as an adjuvant in inhalation anesthetics, usually cyclopropane. Indeed (and this is a surgical ideal long sought after), curare produces — with only a light minimum of general anesthesia — a relaxation comparable to that of spinal anesthesia.

Said the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, July 29, 1944, “Curare appears to be one of the greatest aids introduced into the field of anesthesiology. . . .”

It is now the consensus that curare's use as a surgical relaxant will very shortly go beyond the limits of inhalation anesthesia into most general operative procedures, including the reduction of fractures and dislocations. In fact, Dr. Frank Cole, of the University of Minnesota, states, (*Bull. Hosp. U. of Minn.*, 15:359, 1944):

"Cyclopropane-curare combined anesthesia may well become the method of choice for abdominal surgery."

Pioneered by Dr. H. R. Griffith, of Montreal, and Dr. S. C. Cullen, University of Iowa, curare's surgical employment has been carried forward — almost routinely — by increasing numbers of surgeons and hospitals, with a mounting list of enthusiastically favorable reports appearing in medical literature here and abroad. Clinically adequate curare, now professionally regarded as one of the outstanding discoveries of the decade, therefore deserves a major niche in anesthesia's well-filled Hall of Fame.

RICHARD C. GILL

Palo Alto, Calif.

THE ASTROLOGY RACKET

SIR: I note that Adolph E. Meyer, author of "The Astrology Racket" in the January issue is an associate professor of education at New York University. However, that does not prove — neither does his article — that Professor Meyer knows any save shallow facts about astrology.

There is one point that may interest Professor Meyer. Attacks on astrology arouse the curious interest of readers — and they investigate by buying, say, *American Astrology*, the most serious and educational of the journals — and the result is more converts to astrology. There seems a probability there must be something in it — for converts have been steady from the time of Pythagoras, who brought it from Egypt to Greece in 440 B.C.

For those who might be interested I very gladly suggest a book published by Scribner's. It is called *Astrology, Its History and Influence in the Western World*, by Ellen McCaffery. Professor Meyer, for one, would profit by reading this volume. In another article he might not offer such a wild assembly of oddities that have nothing to do with astrology as it is studied, taught, and made a part of American life.

JOHN WILSTACH

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

SIR: I am sure that your article "The Astrology Racket" will cause other professional astrologers as much amusement as it did me. The very name

of your own publication has been taken from astrology; MERCURY.

Of course, you know that Prof. Meyer hit below the belt, made incorrect statements, and offered not a single proof for the utter nonsense he uses as statistics — without offering a single source, authority, or proof.

If you had had as much acumen as any professional astrologer, or as much innate decency, you would have checked the wild statements "of fact" that Prof. Meyer cadged from an article published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Wynn disproved all those statements.

Why don't you run an article on astrology? You'd probably suffer catalepsy at the enormous response. Just think of cutting up that \$200,000,000 that we astrologers are piping into our pockets every year!

MORRIS C. GOODMAN

New York City

SIR: In regard to your article on astrology: the battle rages! The author, mainly impressed with astrology's receipts, does not blast this 'science' scientifically. Many of us who refuse any planetary predestination are at a loss to substantiate our unbelief — while the followers of Wynn have a very impressive language with which to overwhelm the uninitiated. If it is all a fraud, let's be more explicit.

DRUSILLA THOMPSON

Balboa, Calif.

FATIGUE REMEDIES

SIR: In your September issue, there are some comments on fatigue by Dr. Robert H. Feldt. I noted with interest his dogmatic presentation of a biased viewpoint in which there isn't the slightest hint to the lay reader that he reflects an opinion which is distinctly in minority.

Apropos of the action of Vitamin B Complex in fatigue, Dr. Feldt quotes two experiments by Dr. Ancel Keys, purporting to demonstrate that induced deficiency in Vitamin B Complex does not produce fatigability; that administration of Vitamin B Complex does not produce greater resistance to fatigue.

Should it not be pointed out that: (a) Dr. Keys' experiments were conducted with a very small group for a comparatively short period of time; and that (b) his conclusions were directly opposed to those expressed by numerous other researchers whose experiments covered a very much larger number of subjects for a very much longer period of time?

Thus you find in "Nutritional Deficiency in

Nervous and Mental Disease" (Vol. XXII of the Research Publications of the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Disease, Williams and Wilkins, 1943) frequent reference to fatigability as one of the prime symptoms arising from deficiencies in factors of the Vitamin B Complex. Quoted are such researchists as Dr. Sebrell and Dr. Spies whose reputations in nutrition circles fairly approximate Dr. Keys'.

A careless reader would gain the impression from Dr. Feldt's report that Spies and other researchists in nutrition are agreed that diet, not concentrates, is the therapy of choice in deficiencies. It is rather interesting that those experimenters have almost universally arrived at the conclusion that enormous dosages of concentrated vitamins are the *sine qua non* of recovery from chronic deficiency. Indeed, the publication to which the writer referred above seeks to impress upon the physician the possibility of failure with Vitamin B Complex therapy because of the reluctance of the physician to use a "therapeutic trial before (the physician) abandons them (the concentrated vitamins)."

Biochemistry would also quarrel with Dr. Feldt. Three vitamins of the B Complex are known to be involved specifically in primary energy metabolism. On this very premise, bread has been enriched with thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin; and on that premise, the Food and Drug Administration allows the bread manufacturers to speak of these added vitamins as "keys to releasing the energy value of bread." Yet, Dr. Feldt's remarks imply that a deficiency in these vitamins—specifically involved in production of energy—will not cause fatigability, nor will their administration in deficiency relieve the fatigue. Has the good doctor ever observed the listlessness or heard the melancholy and persistent complaints of constant fatigue in subacute pellagra or beri beri?

Dr. Feldt has not quarrelled only with the preponderant weight of information in the medical literatures and with the advertising policy of the Food and Drug Administration. He has also contradicted our Air Force medicine. Pilots who are given benzedrine on long night flights are warned to compensate for the sleep they will lose with the help of the drug. Perhaps the doctor draws a distinction between sleepiness and fatigue.

CARLTON FREDERICKS

New York City.

SIR: My article was a discussion of ordinary fatigue—the kind that is experienced by most

mal, reasonably healthy adults. It was not my intention to deny that tiredness is often a symptom of real vitamin deficiency states. Undoubtedly, fatigue is a common complaint in beri beri and pellagra; but when such conditions exist, the other symptoms and findings are so pronounced that there can be no mistake as to the nature of the illness. The diagnosis of vitamin deficiency cannot be made on the symptom of fatigue alone.

In my opinion, carefully controlled observations made by a man of the caliber of Ancel Keys are highly significant even though a relatively small number of subjects are involved.

Mr. Fredericks apparently overlooked the sentence in my article which reads, "Vitamin medication may actually be life-saving if there is a real vitamin lack. . . ." I quite agree with him that "enormous dosages of concentrated vitamins are the *sine qua non* of recovery from chronic deficiency," if he means by "chronic deficiency" definite night blindness, beri beri, ariboflavinosis, pellagra, scurvy, or rickets.

I most certainly do draw a distinction between sleepiness and fatigue and I believe Mr. Fredericks will, too, if he ponders the meaning of the words. As pointed out in my article, carefully controlled experiments show that benzedrine does not relieve fatigue, but it is a common observation that the drug causes wakefulness.

ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DE VALERA'S IRELAND

SIR: Francis Hackett has an interesting article, "De Valera's Ireland," in the current AMERICAN MERCURY. Since the writer of an article like this completely controls the evidence he wishes to present, the average reader must depend upon the author's impartiality and objectivity. If this is doubtful, the whole article is doubtful.

Speaking of the Constitution of 1937, Mr. Hackett says: "Written in Gaelic, which about ten of the deputies understood, it was careful not to declare a republic." The implication is obvious: the deputies to the Dail, passing a Constitution which ninety per cent of them could not read.

Mr. Hackett must have known that the Constitution was published both in Gaelic and English; that the bilingual text was on sale in the post office for five cents; that it was discussed at length in the newspapers and in the Dail, in English.

The conclusion seems inescapable that Mr. Hackett is not above suppressing evidence in order to make a rather cheap gibe at the Constitution. The question must arise in the reader's

mind: how much evidence has been suppressed in other parts of the article, to strengthen Mr. Hackett's indictment of Mr. De Valera? So far as helping to form an intelligent opinion on De Valera's Ireland is concerned, Mr. Hackett's article is therefore completely useless.

REV. CHARLES KEENAN, S. J.

New York City.

SIR: Father Keenan accuses me of "suppressing evidence" that the Irish deputies had an English version of the Eire Constitution. I confess it never occurred to me that I should give evidence, actually give *evidence*, that the Irish deputies were permitted to have an English translation of their Constitution. This translation was world news. It surely appeared in American and English newspapers. What reader of the *MERCURY* would suppose that the deputies in Ireland, an English-speaking country, who had to debate the basic law, would not have instantly demanded this version!

When I state in my article that "about ten of the deputies understood" the Gaelic version, it was to illustrate how De Valera's inflexible and unrealistic devotion to the language revival had led him to put the prime, authentic and legally authoritative version of the Constitution in a medium accessible to a bare handful of the deputies. I was not "suppressing evidence" on a fact as plain as a pikestaff. I was giving evidence on something about which Father Keenan finds it exceedingly painful to open his mind—"De Valera's Ireland."

Take the plunge, sir.

FRANCIS HACKETT

New York City.

MEMORANDUM ON ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR: After reading Philip Wylie's splendid article, "Memorandum On Anti-Semitism," in the January issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, I would like to tell you about an experience that I had recently that will illustrate, it seems to me, how correct Mr. Wylie is in his assumption that racial intolerance is being fostered by well-informed and educated people as well as by people who are not.

A woman I had not seen for ten years visited my city last week, and, of course, called me up almost as soon as she arrived in town. I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing her again, because she was one of my favorite people. She is

twenty years older than I am, and I had mimicked her most of my life in speech, dress, and, yes, even her views on life; for she was, I believed, one of the most intelligent, generous and tolerant persons in the world. Ten years, however, is a long time, and those passing years had not dealt kindly with my friend physically or mentally—particularly mentally. The first evening that we saw her we took her to dine at one of our city's better-known restaurants, famous for its delightful food and superb service. We had no more than seated ourselves at the table when she said, "Why, this place is owned and operated by a Jew. If I had known that, wild horses couldn't have dragged me in here."

My husband and I looked at her in astonishment, for the remark was so out of character with the mental picture we had carried around with us of Mrs. B. for so many years. That, however, was only the beginning; she devoted the whole time we were dining to talking about "those Jews this and those Jews that," and not *sotto voce* either.

By the time we reached the dessert course she had switched to the "Negro problem" as she called it, and on, and on, and on.

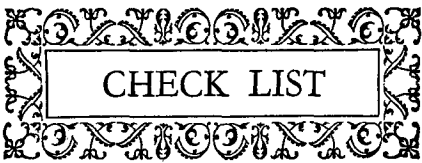
Needless to say, I don't care whether I ever see Mrs. B. again or not, for I still have a bad taste in my mouth from those few hours we did spend with her. They were precious hours to me too, as my son was leaving for the Army Air Corps in a couple of days and I wanted to be with him.

His summons came too late, I felt, to break this engagement with Mrs. B. I thought bitterly that evening, listening to her, that my son was having to go fight on some distant battle field just because people like her went around spouting about the so-called "Master race," deliberately stirring up hatred, envy and greed.

Must this go on here in America when our young men are giving their lives every day to wipe out forever this poison that robs people of all decency and humaneness in their dealings with their fellow men? I think not. If every fair-minded American would "raise right up on his hind legs" every time he hears or sees someone spreading this hypnotic disease, America would soon be rid of these "war breeders." Let's all be crusaders, with a capital C, and never stop until this insidious danger that exists, today, in our great country is wiped out forever. If we do that, this war will really be the war that was fought to end all wars.

ADEN COKER

Los Angeles, California.



CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 260)

ical need for some form of vengeance to the matter of paying the expense of the trials of the criminals. Dr. Glueck thinks that "Germany and Japan should not be given the privilege of trying their own subjects for war crimes in their own courts, under their own law, and by their own judges." Their head criminals—including the heads of state, industrialists, bankers, *et al.*—should be tried by an International Criminal Court. "Adequate law for use by an International Criminal Court now exists; and its enforcement by such a tribunal would violate no fundamental tenets of civilized justice."

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE, by Francis Neilson. \$1.00. *Robert Schalkenbach Foundation*. Defining justice as "the law of Providence inherent in nature," Neilson attempts to trace this metaphysical concept through all the earliest communities—in China, Persia, Egypt, Babylonia, India, Greece and Rome—in order to "afford us an opportunity of reviewing the recorded thought of the ages which found fulfillment in Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*."

NODS AND BECKS, by Franklin P. Adams. \$2.00. *Whittlesey House*. A scrapbook of some of the more memorable miscellaneous writings, from 1921 to date, of one of the pillars of the *Information Please* radio program whose column, "The Conning Tower," used to be the best of its kind. His observations on American journalism are particularly interesting, and one statement, considering that he worked for several of the most representative newspaper publishers, is surprising: "In all those 33 years no owner or editor ever asked me to write this or not to write that, or to devote more space to this or less to that."

MICROBES THAT CRIPPLE, by T. Arthur Turner with Edward L. Compere, M.D. \$2.50.

National Society for Crippled Children (Elyria, Ohio). An unusually good popularization of scientific knowledge of the relationship of pathogenic organisms to human deformity. Dr. Compere is chairman of the department of orthopedic surgery, Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, and associate professor of surgery, Northwestern University Medical School.

THE AIR FORCES READER, edited by Norman Carlisle, \$3.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A compilation of articles and excerpts from books, on the men and achievements of the U. S. Army Air Forces in this war, chosen, apparently, with less regard for their literary distinction, than for their presentation of air power in the best possible light. Evidence of the limitations of air power that have been learned in this war is missing. There is a useful index but the illustrations are inadequate.

BERNARD BARUCH: PARK-BENCH STATESMAN, by Carter Field. \$3.00. *Whittlesey House*. This biography is sketched with the history of the United States as a background. Forebears of Bernard Baruch were active here in Revolutionary days and right through the Civil War period, up to the present. Mr. Field is inclined to look upon his subject as a saint who comes to the aid of the distressed citizenry with his brains and his munificence. Any petcadilloes that are hinted at are mentioned merely to high-light the virtues. However, the book is full of anecdotes and makes easy reading.

ARTIST IN IOWA, by Darrell Garwood. \$3.50. *Norton*. This biography of Grant Wood (1891-1942), while not a major critical effort, is written with such meticulous regard for accuracy, such intelligent admiration for the Midwest way of life, such excellent artistic taste, and such fine feeling for personal greatness and tragedy that it will doubtless be read for many years to come. Mr. Garwood knew Grant Wood from 1934 to his death eight years later, but he has also done tremendous research among the artist's relatives, friends and clients—and he writes with pleasant modesty and simplicity. There are several good illustrations.

(Continued on page 382)



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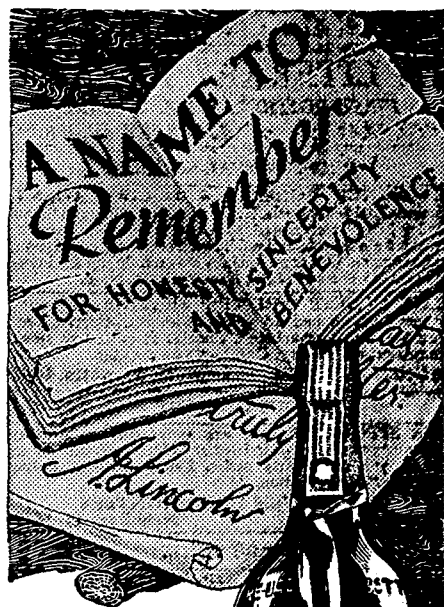
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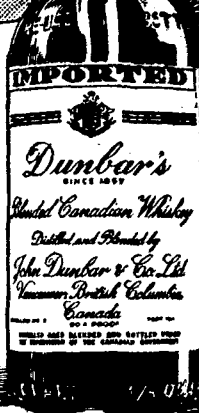
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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 380)

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1943-1944, by George Jean Nathan. \$3.00. Knopf. This is a complete "critical record" of the plays produced during the past theatrical season. The book has obvious reference value, but it also makes very entertaining reading, and will no doubt be quoted for many years to come. Mr. Nathan's general conclusion is that "so far as genuine dramatic quality went, the year was on the indigent side. There were pleasant plays and amusing plays but drama of real worth was largely absent."

FICTION

THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT, by John Gunther. \$2.50. Harper. John Gunther has been "inside" Europe, Asia and Latin America, but, unfortunately, he has been unable to get inside any of the characters in his first novel. He has written a spy story without excitement, characterization or even superficial smoothness. In spite of the potentially interesting background of neutral Turkey, with both Nazi and Allied agents at work, *The Troubled Midnight* lacks cohesiveness, both as a novel and as a vehicle for its author's views on war, peace, and Germany.

THE GOLDEN BOWL, by Feike Feikema. \$2.50. The Webb Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn. This first novel deals with the stark tragedy of life in the Dust Bowl in the black years of the early thirties. The narrative revolves about Maury Grant, a hobo, and Kirsten Thor, his girl, but it is chiefly a hymn to the bounties of God's earth, the ineffable grandeur of His sky and trees and all His other creations. Mr. Feikema is rather feeble in his narrative — his novel is really a series of thinly connected short stories and sketches — and he is inclined to be verbose, but he displays a rare feeling for poetical situations and occasionally a magnificent intuition for the unspoken tendernesses of the man-woman relationship. His talent is real and considerable.

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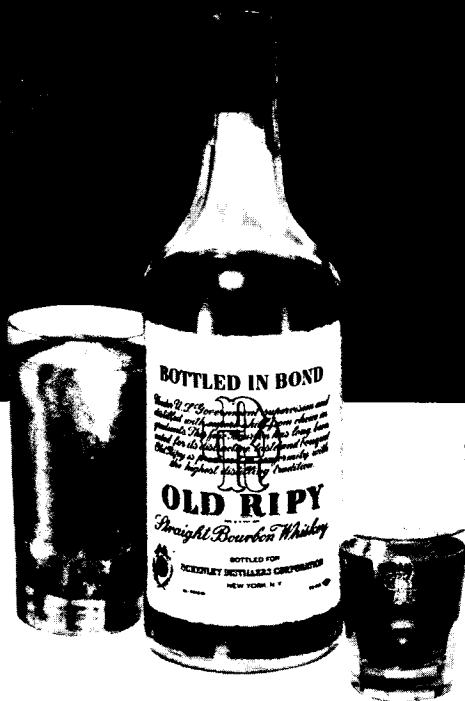
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